# MAYFAIR

Vol. 23 No. 11

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DOUBLE NUDE EXCLUSIVE

**Jane Warner**

The secret pictures you weren't meant to see

The girl in the rock star sex-romp row

# MAYFAIR

incorporating King

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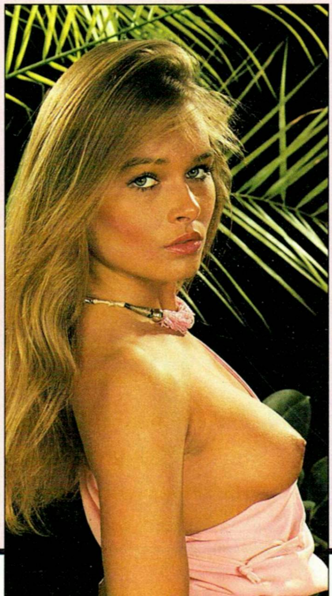
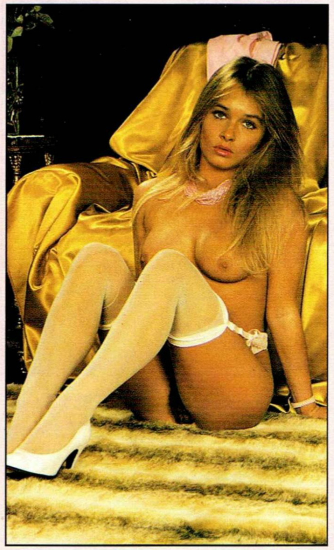
# Kathy

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
GERTH SERNELIN

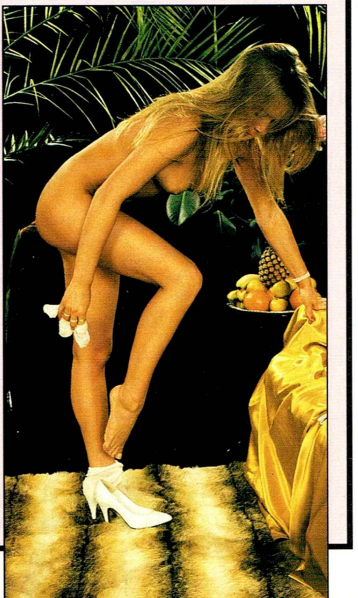


Henley-in-Arden is a little poorer these days — mainly due to the absence of one of its most glamorous daughters, 23-year-old, 34-22-34 Kathy Turner. When the Warwickshire lass celebrated her 21st birthday, her father presented her with a brand new Mini Mayfair, and the thought that it might be a good idea to take up permanent employment. 'I'd done a fairly expensive secretarial course, but I hadn't seen a job that I thought suited me,' Kathy recalls. 'I think my father decided I was being a bit lazy — which was basically true!' An interest in flying led to a ground hostess job at Birmingham's Elmdon Airport, and, within a year, to an airborne version of the very same job.

'I've always been interested in flying,' Kathy says, 'and I did start taking lessons, but, even with my family's help, I didn't see myself finishing before I was 40!' By far the easiest solution was to allow an airline to do the flying for her. 'I started with quite a small, internal service, which was hard work but great experience, and then moved on to the large international company I work for now. So far I've been to America and the Far East. The only problem is I've had to move away from Henley-in-Arden.'



Dreaming of a cool lager in the *Nag's Head* on Henley high street seems an odd thing to do while surrounded by the sights and sounds of a Hong Kong street market, but Kathy is a girl who treasures her roots. 'I share a flat in Reigate with two other stewardesses now, but I go back home as often as I can.' Long haul schedules tend to disrupt a settled love life. 'Most stewardesses go out with cabin crew because they live in the same world. If you're stuck in a hotel for a week or two with attractive people it's very easy to have the odd fling. Let's say I've been seriously tempted once or twice!' What about passengers? 'An Arab in First Class once offered to marry me. If he'd thrown in a plane I might just have said yes to him!'



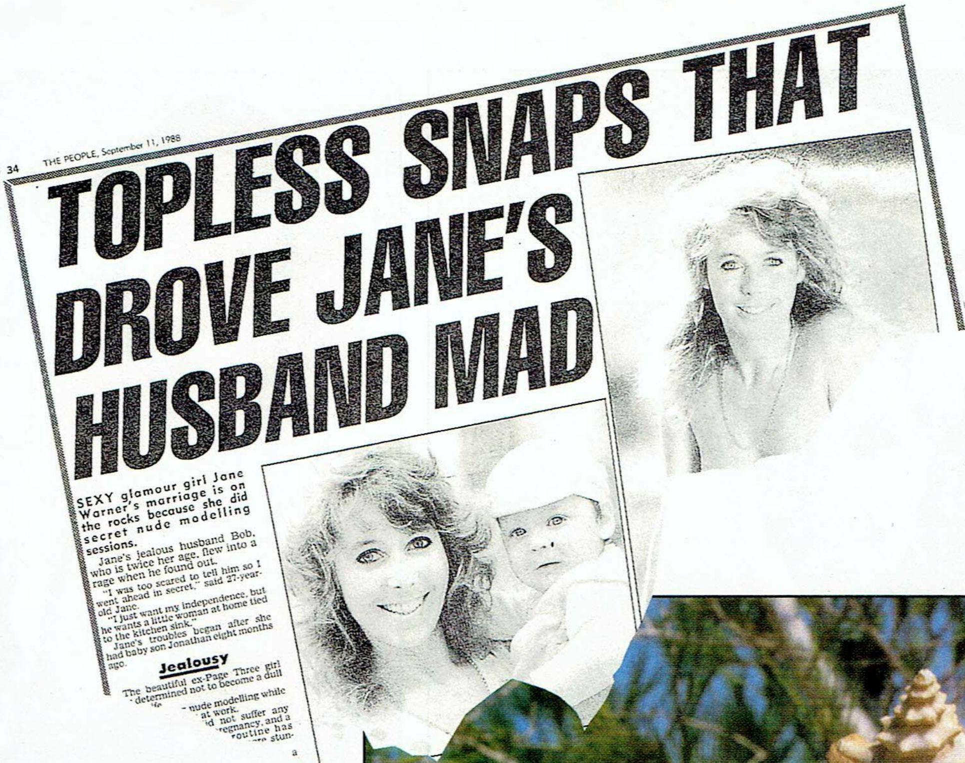
# JACQUELINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

When we last featured Jacqueline Luis just over a year ago, her appearance even raised eyebrows in the House of Commons. That's because the 19-year-old from Sunningdale in Berkshire was working as the secretary to Tory MP Andrew MacKay at the time. But her less-than-conservative behaviour was well received by the voting public, and we were inundated with requests to feature her again. So we chose her to advertise our very own range of lingerie with enormous success.

As well as her bouncy 34D-24-36 figure, we selected Jacqui because we know that she is a genuine lingerie enthusiast. She even wears sexy undies to do the cooking. 'I have a whole wardrobe of kinky gear for the kitchen,' she says, 'It helps me put more feeling into my recipes if I'm dressed in a basque and suspenders.' She's even tried it in the nude but doesn't recommend it as it's too easy to burn the parts even lager doesn't reach.

Jacqueline was educated at Charters school near her Sunningdale home, leaving at 16. Before becoming a secretary she used to work for Boots in Windsor. 'I was there for a year,' and spent all my time chatting up the good-looking guys that came in.' Only once was she ever lost for words. 'One poor chap asked me where the contraceptives were, and I just burst out laughing!' she recalls. 'He was so embarrassed after that, he walked out.'



34 THE PEOPLE, September 11, 1988

## TOPLESS SNAPS THAT DROVE JANE'S HUSBAND MAD

**SEXY glamour girl Jane Warner's marriage is on the rocks because she did secret nude modelling sessions.**

Jane's jealous husband Bob, who is twice her age, flew into a rage when he found out.

"I was too scared to tell him so I went ahead in secret," said 27-year-old Jane.

"I just want my independence, but he wants a little woman at home tied to the kitchen sink."

Jane's troubles began after she had baby son Jonathan eight months ago.

**Jealousy**

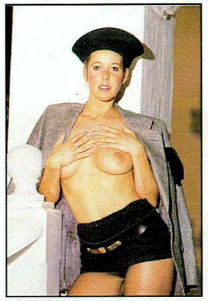
The beautiful ex-Page Three girl
determined not to become a dull
nude modelling while
at work.
id not suffer any
regnancy, and a
routine has
stun-
a

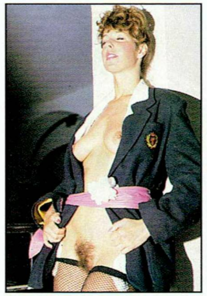
# Those JANE WARNER Pictures

# ...and now the nudes

Top Page Three girl Jane Warner has returned to modelling after a three-year break. At 27 she's sexier than ever and raring to go. But husband John isn't so keen...

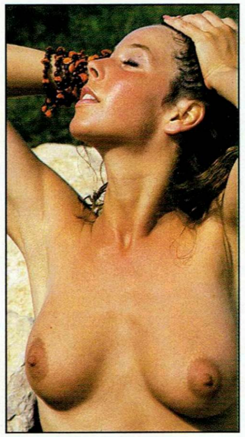
PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOWARD PUGH

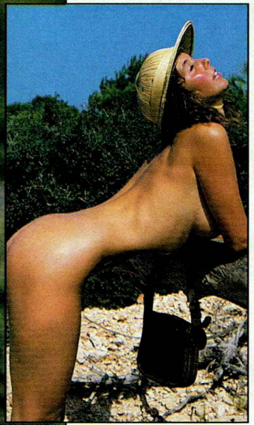




What happens to a top Page Three model when she decides to put her bikini bra back on? Some, like Samantha Fox, move on to the pop world; others, like Linda Lusardi, become media personalities in their own right. But *Sun, Mirror* and *Star* favourite Jane Warner opted for the quiet life. In November 1985, at the age of 24 and the height of a career worth £30,000 a year, the 34B-24-33 model married travel agent John Stoner, 28 years her senior, and became a Brighton housewife. But not any more!

Earlier this year, fresh-faced Jane, still stunning at 27, and now the mother of a baby son, flew to Marbella for her first nude photo session in over three years. It proved a resounding success. 'My body is in tip-top condition, I'm really proud of it,' she told *The Sun*. But there was a snag. Husband John, she said, did not approve. 'He wants a little woman at home tied to the kitchen sink,' she complained to *The People*. 'I've worked so hard to improve myself but now my husband just wants to keep me to himself.'





Jane was forced to keep her nude modelling secret. But now the Brighton-born model, whose face adorned the covers of *She* and *Woman's Realm*, and who made her full-frontal nude debut in *Mayfair* magazine some years ago, plans to take up where she last took off. 'I've still got a fabulous body and I'm determined to show it off,' she told the *Sun*. 'Why should my husband be the only person to see it?' Why, indeed.

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY ED ALEXANDER

# *Linda*

Imagine a blend of two of the most intriguing aspects of femininity — the sweet submissiveness of the Oriental nature, and the clean-limbed, blonde-haired bodily perfection of the Scandinavian. The result — if your imagination is working particulary well — is likely to be a girl very like 20-year-old, 36-22-35 Linda Larssen. 'People tend to think I'm Chinese and dye my hair,' says this lissome Leicester-born beauty. 'Now I have a chance to prove that I really am a genuine blonde — all over!'

In fact Linda's ancestry is almost exactly mixed — her parents came respectively from Hong Kong and the Danish university town of Aarhus, though they met and lived for most of Linda's childhood in the East Midlands, which explains the Black Country nuances to Linda's accent. 'That confuses people even more!' she laughs. Add to that a fluency in Cantonese *and* Danish and the confusion is complete to almost everyone but Linda herself. 'As far as I'm concerned I'm British,' she says. 'The rest is just a bonus.'

She's currently putting her language skills to use in the third year of a modern language degree course at a northern university — when she's not supplementing a meagre grant by modelling. 'I've had three boyfriends, and each of them told me I had a ''dream'' body when they first saw me without clothes on, so I began to wonder if anyone else felt the same.' So many did she is now seriously considering a full-time modelling career — after finishing her degree. 'I fancy being able to say no in five different languages!'

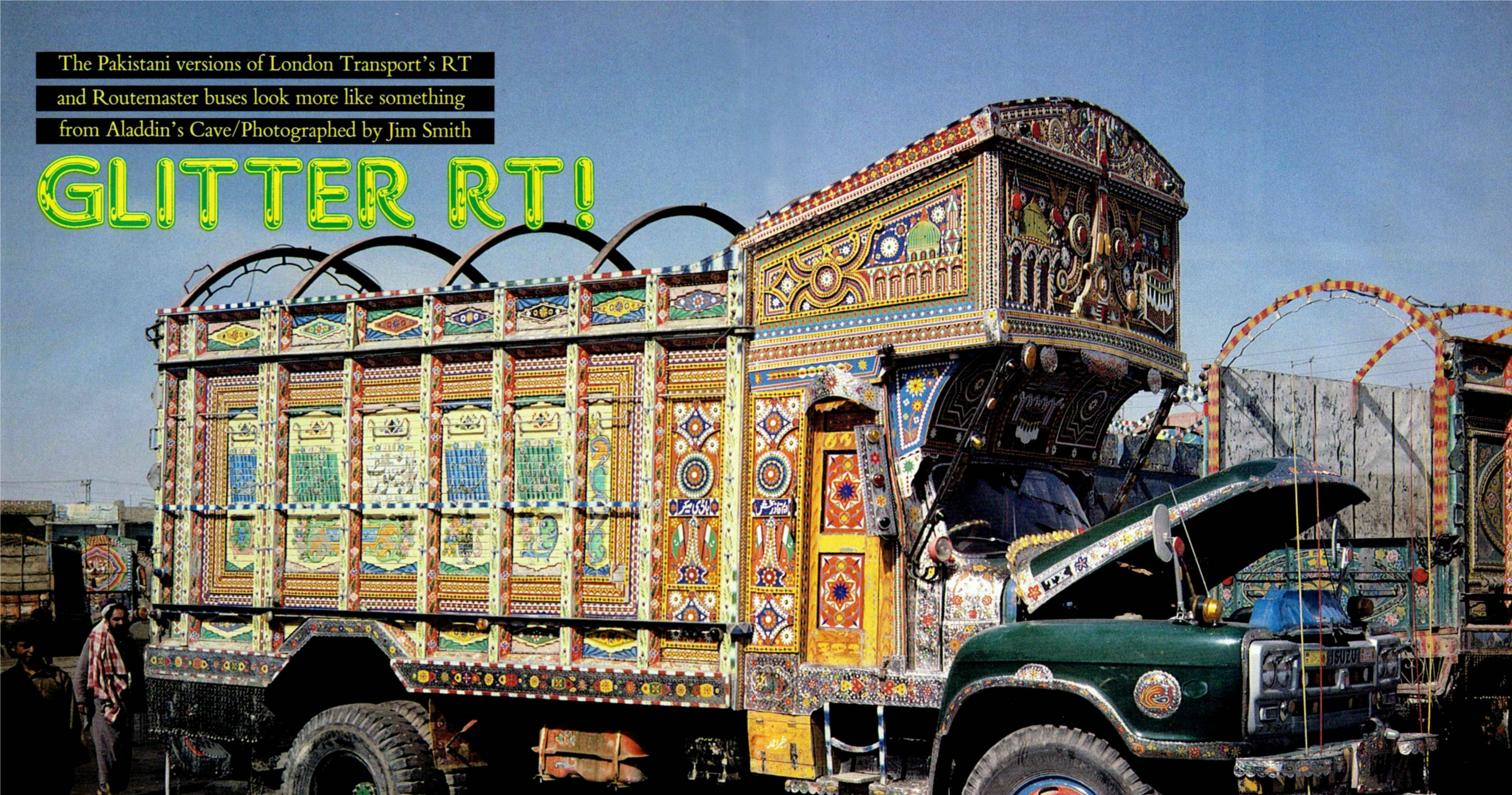
# Linda Larssen

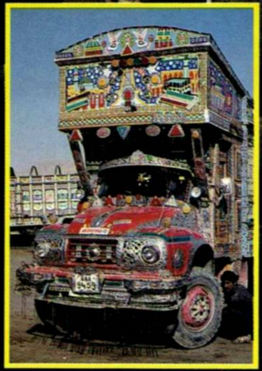
**MAYFAIR**

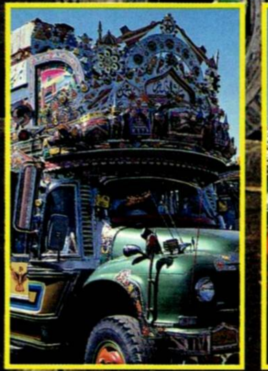
girl of the month

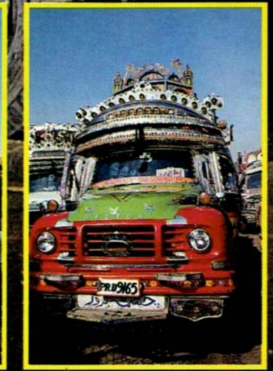
The Pakistani versions of London Transport's RT and Routemaster buses look more like something from Aladdin's Cave/Photographed by Jim Smith

# GLITTER RT!

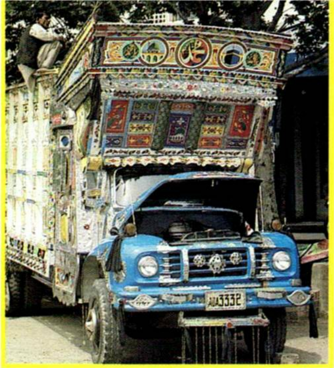


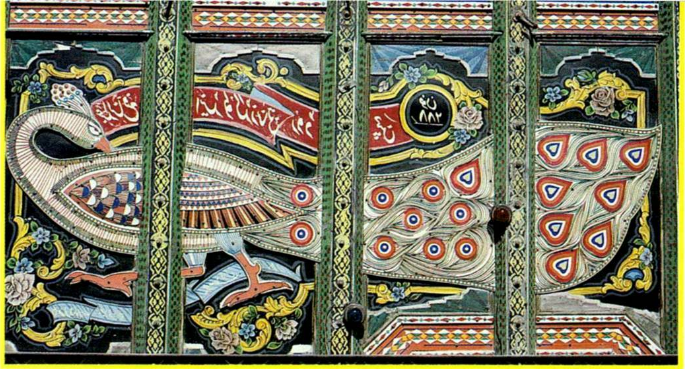


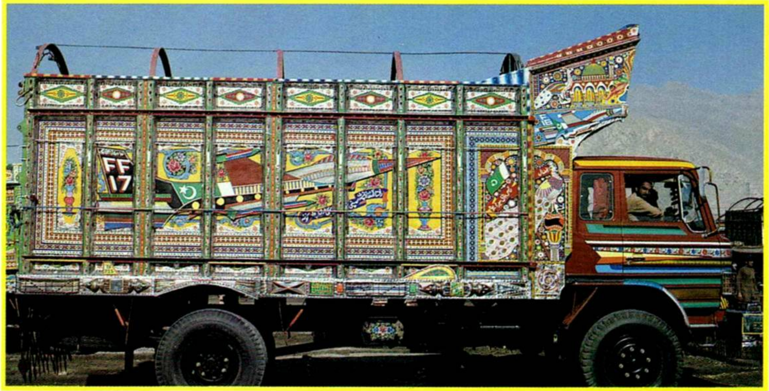


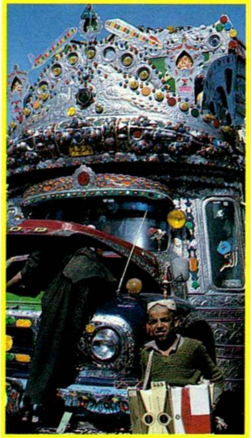


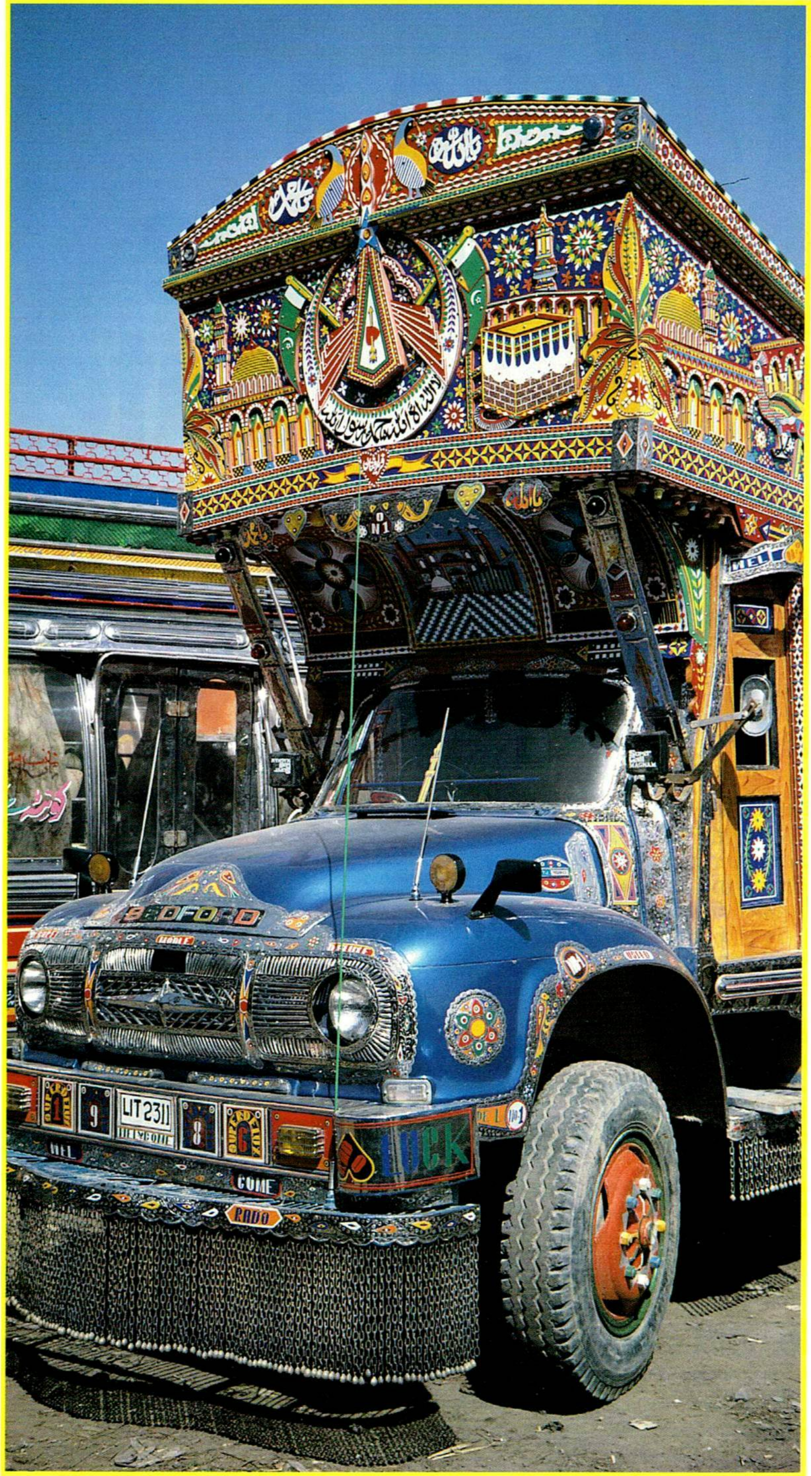
*The buses and trucks of Pakistan start life as Bedfords made under licence in Karachi, but once the outlying villages get their hands on them, they turn them into mobile works of art. However, beneath the over-the-top chrome and paintwork, these vehicles can climb the steep roads into the Himalayas, despite being severely overloaded.*



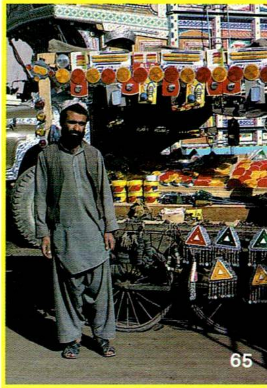








*The 'brightwork' is bought at stalls like the one pictured below, drivers competing with one another for the most elaborate designs. The paintwork is equally outlandish, like the peacock (centre top) and the jet fighter on the side of the lorry (far left, centre). Wherever these commercial vehicles go, they cause a stir, especially in neighbouring India and Iran where public transport is as conservative as it is in this country.*



The distinctive red RT and Routemaster buses are as much a part of London as St Paul's Cathedral, but in the shadow of the Himalayas is an equally unique transport system. In Pakistan, the buses (and some of the trucks), are not recognised by their uniformity but their complete lack of it — every vehicle being covered in a bewildering array of chrome ornaments, lights and spectacularly colourful designs.

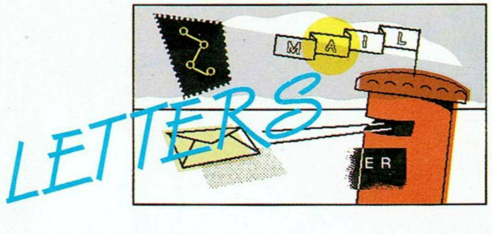
The buses start out as standard Bedfords, built under licence in Karachi, with a few alterations to help them cope with the impossibly harsh operating conditions. But once bought, they are taken to the small villages in the countryside for decoration.

Judging by the extremely high quality of the workmanship, one might imagine that the cost of this kind of customising would be astronomical (imagine how much American artists would charge!) but in Pakistan, labour is cheap, and personalised public transport is the norm.

Once the designers in the villages have finished their work, the bus owner can further improve the appearance of the vehicle by purchasing yet more trim and chrome accessories from market stalls, in an effort to make his even more spectacular than the rest. And the decoration is not purely on the outside. The interior of the vehicle is just as garish — very different from the restrained and functional cab interiors drivers in this country are used to.

However, the Bedford buses and trucks are more than just a pretty fascia. Beneath the glitter they are astonishingly sturdy vehicles. They have to be. The rigours of working in Parkistan are far greater than even those of Central London. For a start, they travel high into the Himalayas, up incredible gradients, negotiating hair-raising bends with precipitous drops on either side. They also have to withstand great extremes of temperatures from the chill of the mountain passes to the desert where 40 degrees centigrade is a regular occurrence.

And if you thought that the British rush hour was bad . . . Public transport in Pakistan is some of the most abused in the world. All the buses are constantly overloaded, with passengers hanging wherever they can gain a hold, and baggage tied in towering piles on the roof. Any inspector would have nightmares after seeing such vehicles operating far above their design specifications, yet the Bedfords seem very reliable. Unlike some, these *glitterati* certainly have to work hard for their living.



*You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

*Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.*

## Double top

I'm writing to congratulate you on two of the photo features in Vol 23 No 9, which made the issue for me. Firstly, I found the pictures of Isabel Harrison superb, being stylish shots of a stylish subject. Frankly, I didn't think that they looked much like great paintings, although they *were* effective photographs, but what was important was Isabel herself. She had the look of an intelligent and very classy lady, with an appealing thoughtfulness in her expression — and a very good body as well.

Secondly, in something of a contrast, Amanda Forbes displayed a pert sexiness to her figure that set off her dark, sultry face to excellent effect. The only thing that worried me about this feature was the suggestion in the text that Amanda had had to overcome predjudices about her colour to succeed as a model. This reminded me that you rarely seem to publish shots of coloured girls in your magazine! I just hope that this doesn't mean that your readers don't find dark skin sexy, because I'd love to see more such variety. If anybody out there — whether really racist or just narrow-minded — has something against black (or Asian) girls, they ought to look at Amanda's pictures! I certainly enjoyed doing so! I always think that racism is stupid; applied to judgements about sexual attractiveness, it's totally moronic. Here's to more sets like these two!

*MP, Royston*

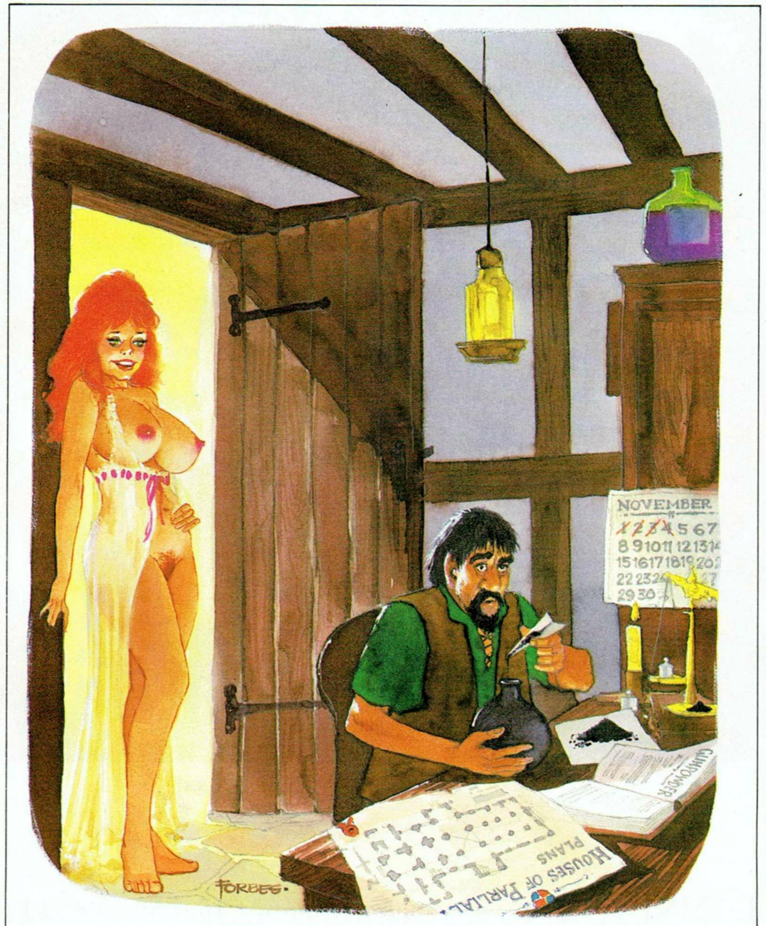
## Millie magic

I was interested in a letter in Vol 23 No 8 from PMA of Rushden.

The point of interest was his suggestion of a re-run of your photo feature of Millie, the Jamaican pop singer of yesteryear. (Was it in Vol 5 No 7?). My copy of the magazine unfortunately went adrift many years ago, but I have fond memories of this particular item.

*KC, Winslow*

*We'll bare it in mind, so to speak.*



*'Tomorrow? But, Guy, I feel like a big bang tonight..'*

## Scottish rhapsody

I would like to tell you of an experience which happened to me a number of years ago when I was living in Scotland.

My job had shifted me up north. I moved into a new house in the springtime and started to spend time fixing the garden. For the previous three months, in rented accommodation, I had lived a fairly monastic existence.

Very soon, I got talking to the woman who lived next door.

She was a housewife whom I found out was called Kath (name changed), and had two small boys. She seemed extremely friendly and I learned that she was four years older than me. She had short blonde, tinted hair with the most enchanting face I had ever seen.

She had not been getting on too well with her husband of late and I now started to find an easy excuse to drop back home at lunch time on the off chance that Kath would be around in the garden.

She would start to look out for me coming home and be 'accidently' around as I stepped out of the car.

Soon we started to become very close as she confided her marriage difficulties to me.

Kath was about 5ft 6ins, slim, with a bum that I couldn't keep my eyes off. She always seemed to wear jeans which showed off her rear superbly. Without too much hesitation, it became clear that she wanted to know me better.

Wary of nosey neighbours, she suggested to begin with we meet in town where I could collect her in my car and find somewhere quiet. This was when we first became intimate. We knew of a disused airfield not far away and would I will never forget the feeling of

*turn to page 8*

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"The hair was shorter, the moustache was gone, but there was no mistaking the identity . . .

THE MONSTER WAS ALIVE!"

**Joseph Heywood**

**THE BERKUT**

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# LETTERS

*continued from page 6*

this experienced married woman. I was 23 at the time, and had not before had the pleasure of seeing a married woman undressing in the front seat of my car.

The first time I entered her I couldn't believe the warmth and ease of entry. She had had two children and in spite of her slim, lissom figure had quite the largest honeypot I'd ever encountered. Her figure was perfect, 34-24-34, stubby nipples topping beautifully creamy white breasts.

She eased the front seat of the car back and rolled back my foreskin and then guided me in.

We continued to meet regularly, and as we became confident, started to meet at home.

She would come to the back door and slip upstairs. In the time that we knew each other there were few places that we hadn't made love. We had made it in the front seat of my car on a number of occasions (at the airstrip once in full view unwittingly of a learner driver who was being coached!), on the hall floor whilst her husband washed his car, on the stairs with her sitting on my lap, and finally in a caravan which I had rented on a local site. This was well away from the neighbours and much more comfortable than the car.

I think her husband knew something had been going on. I'm sure when he came home, he couldn't fail to realise that she had just been serviced. I think that this only served to spur Kath on further.

Eventually, Kath and I went our separate ways as my job moved me on. But she left me great memories.

*KH, Kent*

## An office love

I am an 18-year-old brunette, with a good 36-24-36 figure. Some months ago, I started work as a secretary with a local firm. I find the office work interesting, and the swinging guys working there also make every day a happy one. They are all cocky with it, if you know what I mean. So when one of the guys showed me the item in *Mayfair* Vol 23 No 9, featuring attractive Cheryl Oakwood, the 19-year-old timber secretary, I shivered my own timbers in delight. When he cheekily said the photographs gave him the idea of bonking in the office.

Well, he was about thirty and quite handsome in an earthy way, and seeing that I fancied him like anything, I agreed to work late with him in the office that night. My latest boyfriend had left me for an older woman (guys are sometimes very strange at times), so I was really quite keen.

As soon as the last office worker had said goodnight, and we were alone together, my office colleague, sprinted into action. In a few moments he had me down to my sussies, stockings, and high heels, and bent down on top of a cupboard, my bare bum poised high in the air.

As I looked over my shoulder, I saw that he had already taken his trousers off, and as he pulled his Y-front jockey pants off, I saw his lady pleaser was already beginning to quiver in excitement at the sight of my bare bum just waiting to be enjoyed. I parted my thighs wider so that he could see and enjoy the sweet view of my bare cunny before he entered. Being a rather tall guy, I knew he would come in at a perfect angle, and he did, wasting no time. Yet he almost took me by surprise, and I screamed out in ecstasy. We were now riding into another world, as he humped me and thumped me; I was his mount, and he was my master. His hands squeezed my boobs and I was experiencing a fruity elation that I had waited so long to have. Then with one long moan of ecstasy, I orgasmed with a tremor of sheer joy and lust that made me fall forward on the cupboard so that I was hanging over the edge, and my whole body shaking with fulfilled bliss.

After this blissful episode, we had a couple of cups of coffee from the machine. We must have looked a pretty picture, me standing there nude apart from my stockings, he now with his Y-fronts on, sipping coffee like any other time. He certainly made my late night at the office a happy one.

*ED, Manchester*

## Slavish devotion

The letter from CF of London in Vol 23 No 9 is a perfect illustration of a fact which only *Mayfair*, alone among all the men's magazines, seems to recognise — that subtle sensuality is much more thrilling than blatant vulgarity.

CF struck a very special chord for me by saying that, when she posed nude for her boyfriend's art class, she wore an ankle-chain and that 'this added touch made me feel very randy, and tied up with my

*turn to page 114*

# LETTERS

*continued from page 8*

own fantasies of being a slave girl in an oriental harem.'

The fact is that one of my own fantasies has always been to make love to a beautiful slave girl. Furthermore, I feel strongly that bare feet and ankle-chains do more than anything to portray the helpless, slave girl image — a point which I made in the very first letter I ever had published in *Mayfair*, back in Vol 16 No 11.

I do not know what the 'C' in CF stands for, but I will refer to her as Carla as this is a very seductive name, and she is obviously a very sexy lady. I wonder what Carla and her boyfriend will think of this fantasy of mine, although I would ask them to forgive me for weaving myself into the scenario.

I am one of several honoured guests of the Sultan, and Carla is his favourite slave girl. Tonight, after the feast, it is her turn to dance the Dance of Choice. This is where the men, seated on soft cushions on the floor, form a ring in which the girl dances. As she provokes their lust with her body, she studies them carefully. When the dance has ended, she throws herself into the arms of the one she wishes to take her. For hers is the choice, and no-one knows for whom she dances.

Velvet curtains part and Carla's swaying body steps into the ring. The men let out a loud cheer which almost drowns the throbbing music. She is wearing a halter-bodice, with golden chains around her neck and back that hold in place two tiny, triangular strips of cloth that barely cover her breasts. And, slung low on her hips, is a tiny loin-cloth of the same triangular material. Her shapely feet are bare and the only other thing she wears is a thin, gold chain around her right ankle.

Sometimes she rushes about in wild abandon on her feet. Then she writhes like a serpent on the floor, stretching out her long legs, pointing her toes, and using her lovely feet as part of her body's expression. Teasingly, she allows several men to stroke her legs and thighs. For a split second she even sits on the lap of a young Greek who manages to kiss her smooth shoulder, as I look on enviously.

Then she gives the secret signal to tell the chief musician that the next choice will be her final one, and the music must be brought to an end. Slowly but deliberately, Carla dances towards me. She thrusts herself towards me several times, but on each occasion she swiftly jumps away and escapes my clutching hands. Then, with one final pirouette, she flings herself onto my lap.

Carla throws back her head, and as I slowly kiss my way down her neck and around her throat, I notice that everyone is being ushered out of the room and we are alone.

I unclip Carla's halter chains and tear off her bodice, before I bear her down onto the cushions. My greedy lips work their way all around a boob, then I plant a kiss on the nipple target, which makes her gasp with pleasure. I roll her onto her stomach and sweep aside her hair, so my lips can kiss the nape of her neck and work their way down the smooth plane of her back. 'Have mercy, master', cries Carla, as I linger for a while on the sensitive spot at the base of her spine. Then she shrieks when I rip off her loin cloth and gently sink my teeth into her buttocks.

Now I am working my way down Carla's long and lovely legs, and she sighs with delight when I kiss the back of her knees. Down, down I go over a shapely calf, over a smooth round heel, then out comes my tongue to trace a path over the sole of an incredibly sexy foot, before I kiss each perfect little toe in turn.

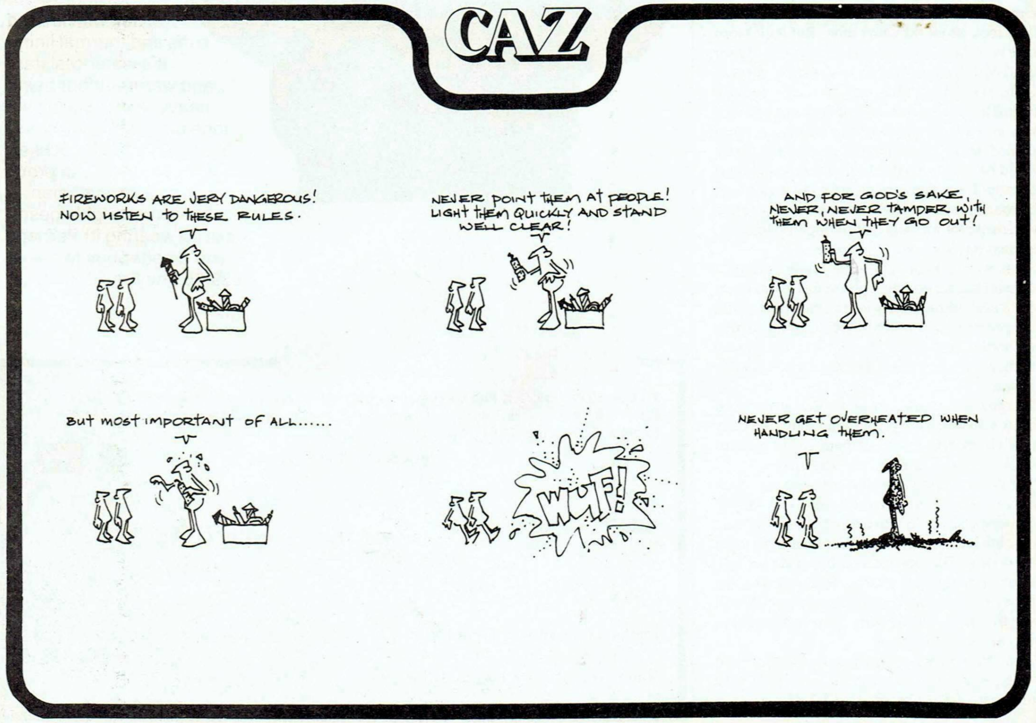
I disrobe, and when I look down the naked Carla is lying on her back. I slip myself between those delectable legs, which grip my body like a vice, and into my slave girl's scented garden. Soon our rhythm is synchronised perfectly, and my lips cover her neck and boobs with bites and kisses as I thrust deeper and deeper inside her.

Finally, I feel my stomach make contact with her silken belly, we both shudder to a climax, and collapse in an exhausted, satisfied heap. As we relax afterwards, we fill two goblets of wine and drink to the most beautiful slave girl in the harem.

*MS, Bedford*

*You've been reading the Arabian Nights again!*

**We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.**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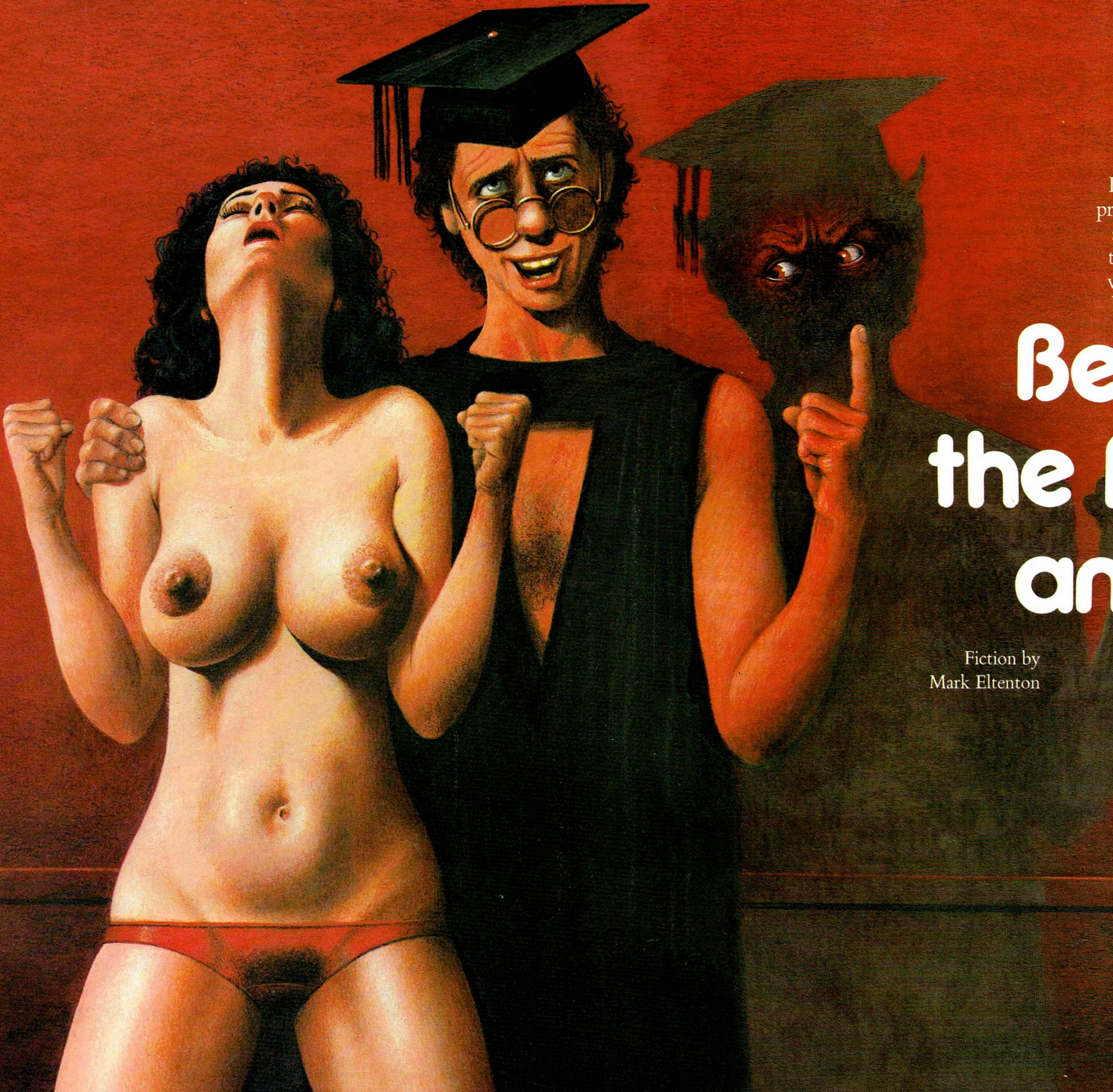

It was the eternal battle between priggish, conscience-bound ego and slavering, sex-obsessed id. I was their battleground, and the prize was the wanton, willing, utterly brainless beauty that was Karen

# Beauty, the Beast and Me

Fiction by
Mark Eltenton

Anyway, the bus was full, and I was hanging from a railing like a chimpanzee when I noticed a set of long, unvarnished fingernails below me. Two sets in fact, one of which was being deftly filed by the fingers of the other. Adjusting my gaze, I found that their seated owner had long, black, artificially waved hair. I could not see her face.

I was able to continue watching these hands because I was alone. Had my girlfriend been with me I'd have had to keep my eyes to myself, or at least on her. Our relationship was based on very particular terms: hers. These certainly precluded ogling other women on crowded buses. Yet I might not have minded being denied sex with others if I'd only been allowed it with her — but it didn't work out that way.

Her periods, her migraines, her infections and her moods (as in 'not in the') combined to cut our coupling down to blue-moon frequency. Yet we had our chats and our chaste cuddles, and had similar attitudes to almost everything that took place outside the bedroom; and these, I had more

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HOLMES

# Beauty, the Beast and Me

or less convinced myself, were quite enough. Nonetheless, I continued watching the mating dance of the hands. The girls was concentrating now on the particulary long nail of her middle finger. The shape into which she was altering it was that of a platypus's bill. The hands were engrossed in, enthralled by their limited task, and I was just as enthralled by them: they were tanned, narrow and long-fingered, and irrigated by turquoise veins. At one point, while working at an angle, the file slipped and landed sharply against the palm. The accident was so exactly like when a hammer hits a metal nail askew that I seemed to feel the thud against my thumb, and the quick spreading of a bruise.

In a flash I noticed a copy of the *Sun* obtruding from her handbag on the floor — and my heart was lost.

This, perhaps, needs explaining. I am not a unified man. The beast inside me that is known as my id is locked in perpetual struggle with my better half, or two-thirds, the superego and ego. And it was the legs of my id that got off the bus a yard behind that still faceless girl, at a stop that was over a mile from my office.

I — or rather two-thirds of me — have no desire to get to know it (my id. Or should I say 'him'? — he's certainly masculine) any better. The egos spend half their time sneering at him, and the rest of it quaking in terror at his outrageous demands and deeds. He is a maniac who wants too much, immediately. After a huge meal he makes my palate tickle, and my hand finally reach for the spoon that will give me another dollop of chocolate mousse. When I pop out for cigarettes after an evening of sex with a loved one, he will force me to smile charmingly at the florid barmaid who is giving me change for the machine. How could *he* care about what might happen 'later'? — guilt and anxiety are definitely not his 'scene'.

But he doesn't, thank God, enjoy free rein. If he did, I would spend all my time crawling from bedroom to bar in a brothel. He has his enemies, his would-be warders, the ego and superego. He despises them, and forgets all about them whenever he can. Yet they, in their stern-lipped vigilance, frequently manage to win, staying his hand just before he gives a friend the smaller apple, ordering a tonic water at the end of a drunken evening instead of a double gin and pineapple juice, pulling him away as he is about to let his gorilla knuckles brush against the peach-cleft of a girl's denimed bottom on the Tube.

My following that girl off the bus was, for example, entirely his doing. In fact, it was even his fault that I was on the bus in the first place. I allow my id to drive me around, and the car consequently needs new brakes or gears every six months. The day before, it had been the clutch that had given up the ghost under his savage manhandling, and the car was sitting yet again in the garage.

My id is also in charge of car maintenance, which means that it never gets washed or has its oil checked, unless by a petrol-pump attendant whom my id tries to avoid tipping.

His attitude towards my current girlfriend is not difficult to guess at. He hated her. The conversations we had in bed, instead of making love, made him cringe.

He found her dungarees and lace-up shoes drab and butch, and, to make it worse, she never wore — didn't even own — the black stockings he adored.

The lack of sex dumbfounded him, and he railed at me night and day to dump her and become a so-called free agent again. Thus he cajoled me, I'd soon find a fun-loving, undemanding, unintelligent secretary whose body would be a meadow full of pollen and butterflies in which I could frolic like a lamb. He also hated the copies of *The New Statesman*, *Guardian* and *Spare Rib* that stood in neat piles in my girlfriend's flat. So when he saw the copy of the *Sun* on the bus he understood immediately, and before I realised that he had taken over the controls, I was following her down a busy street.

What else was there to do? I approached and stopped her. She was surprised, but smiling.

I put myself over as a blend of brashness and nerves, confidence making a little boy's shyness. It was an old act, which I put on as easily as a shirt, but she fell for it.

The second time I asked her for a date, she agreed. We fixed time and place, and she clacked off on her three-inch stilettos, my id grunting at his view of her plump bottom in its tight black skirt, the diamond patterns of her black stockings, and, of course, the long straight heels, the back one swivelling outward slightly each time the other moved forward.

My ego and superego were meanwhile in a state of near-riot. Her name was Karen, and her face had been, though beautiful, characterless and heavily made-up. Her voice, with its Midlands accent, was an infantile drone. There was the copy of the *Sun*. And perhaps worst of all was the way she had rather liked the juvenile act of the hated id, when any worthwhile girl would have told him to get lost.

At lunchtime that day I skipped my usual repaste of salad and mineral water, and treated my id to a plate of eggs, chips and beans, washed down by lager, with a huge wedge of apple pie and custard for dessert.

We met at nine, were having dinner by half-past, and got into a pub ten minutes before closing time. We had discussed music, partners and nightclubs. She looked even more voluptous than I'd remembered her, clad in red and black, her eyes I now saw the colour of violets; and she had great red carnivore's mouth, one of whose front teeth was missing a quarter moon, the result of having been hit by a hockey stick at school (which information conjured up a gorgeous image in my id's mind, of a pubescent Karen running languidly round a field on a damp morning in a short maroon skirt, her budding breasts outlined against the cotton of her jersey).

I squeezed up to the bar, leaving Karen four feet behind me, just beyond the crush. As soon as I got served, I turned, intending to catch her eye, but saw that she was staring at something with a look of hesitation. I traced a line between her gaze and a young man in glasses and an overcoat that, trendily, could have belonged to his grandfather. He was staring at Karen with an uncertain half-smile, as if he knew her, but wasn't sure she'd remember him. Looking back at her, it was clear she didn't, but from the intensity of his expression assumed that she should.

I was pocketing the change as he approached her, and managed, between listening and lip-reading, to distinguish: 'Sorry . . . Can I get you a drink or something?'

'No, I'm getting one, thanks,' she said, with the smile I'd got when I accosted her on the street.

'But —' He seemed totally lost for words. I picked up our glasses, and, when I turned back, he was still just gawping at her. Then he asked again: 'Look, are you sure I can't get you a drink?'

I rejoined them, having decided that it was time to assert my manly presence. 'It's all right, I've got her one.'

He looked at me confusedly, but then seemed to show relief at my arrival. 'But she's *incredible*,' he gasped, and I half expected him to grab my

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IN CASE OF EMERGENCY BREAK GLASS.

*'The younger chaps sometimes have trouble with their vows of celibacy.'*

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*continued from page 24*

arm in his earnestness. 'Who *is* she?' he asked.

'She's Karen.'

'Oh. . .right.' He looked back at her, and seemed to be shrinking — both in size, and away from us into the crowd. 'Okay then — bye.'

We bade polite farewells.

'Who was *that?*' I asked once he'd disappeared. She shook her head, her curls swaying. 'No idea.'

'But do you often get men you don't know coming up to you like that?' I queried in amazement.

'Well —' she weighed her answer a second '— quite often yeah.'

Forty minutes later we were in my living room, sipping coffee in facing armchairs. The light was a dim, romantic yellow, and we chatted about this and that, and my id and egos were meanwhile conducting the whispered argument they always have to go through on such occasions:

Id: Get *over* there, you idiots, and get your arm round her.

E&S: We *can't* — she'd say no.

Id: Bollocks, would she! She's sitting there, waiting for it.

E&S: No, she'd be furious. She just wants us to be friends.

Id: You fucking wimps! She's *dying* for it, look how she's licking her lips.

E&S: No, it's better to hold on. Her lips are just chapped. And, if we wait long enough, maybe she'll come over *here*.

Id: Oh for Christ's sake. If you don't do it now, she's going to get pissed off and go. *Move*.

E&S: Well . . . In a minute , maybe.

But that minute did not pass uneventfully. I sat and watched, open-mouthed, as Karen rose slowly from her chair, took the two paces that separated us, knelt down, and then laid her right hand directly on the front of my trousers.

Even my id was stunned; but within a second or two he had recovered to come bouncing right back — for he had realized that his dreams were about to become reality.

I pulled her towards me, and we kissed. I could taste the sweet redness of Martini on her tongue. I ran one hand down her back, pausing a second on the ridge of her bra-strap, continuing till it touched the top of her skirt, the furthest south I could reach. She moved in closer, her mouth more firmly on mine, and I felt the weight of one

# Beauty, the Beast and Me

round soft breast against my chest. Her tongue probed more deeply, and ran along the inside of my teeth, and her hands meanwhile were pulling my trousers open and the zip down.

I unbuttoned her blouse, and a full, lacy black bra came into view. I lifted this out and up a couple of inches, and both her breasts, very white against the blackness, plumped down. The nipples were round, brown buttons, already erect, and I felt a shiver of something like awe as I started to rub slow circles on them with my thumbs. She was breathing more heavily, and I flicked my tongue a few times over her nipples, at the same time feeling her hands reaching inside my pants and pulling my id (he had just managed to concentrate his essence into those few but vital inches) out into the open air.

And then, with no prompting, she sank down between my legs, and I watched with wonder as she bowed her head and took the top into her mouth. She sucked gently for a few seconds, then reliquished it and started running her tongue in long slow strokes up the shaft. Her tongue glistened crimson, and, after a minute or more of licking, she abruptly took my id into her mouth again, so deeply she seemed to wish to swallow him.

From this point on, all softness and delicacy vanished, and she sucked harder than I had known anyone could — at times it felt as if my whole body were inside her incredible mouth.

Then, just a few seconds before I came, she released me and rose.

'Do you want to see something?' she asked, looking down at me, mouth open, tongue peeping out like a little flame '— something incredible?'

I tried to grunt yes, but my vocal cords seemed to be out of order. So I nodded, and she smiled, then started to sway slowly, her exposed breasts, black bra above them, swaying too, in the opposite direction. Then she unbuttoned the cuffs of her blouse and chucked it onto her chair. Next off was the deflated bra, and now she was moving topless, her white flesh shining above the black skirt.

Her skirt buttons were on the left-hand side, and she undid one, two, all three of them, then slipped the pliant zip down. The skirt slid southwards, revealing a pair of skimpy red panties, and red suspenders holding up black fishnet stockings. My egos were cowering in a corner with their hands over their eyes, while my id was lying in prostrate homage to his new goddess.

She unclipped the suspender on her right thigh, and rolled the stocking down. She bent to pull it daintily from her toes, then repeated the operation on the left. Finally she stood in just panties before me, the bulge of her mound in front, the slighter bulges of her inner thighs on either side.

I could restrain my id no longer, and rushed between her legs. I licked the cool cotton over her pubis, inhaling its pungent perfume, and then with one finger pulled the panties to one side, my tongue sliding immediately between the slick tissues of her pussy. Her flesh was wet and parted easily, and after dallying for a few moments in the cave, I headed upwards to the ridge of her clitoris. She hissed sharply as I rubbed it, and as I continued to run over and round it she put one hand in my hair and pressed me into her. I took the clitoris very gently between my teeth and nibbled and sucked on it, with difficulty as her knees started trembling and she steadied herself on the armchair.

After several minutes she disengaged herself, and, as I was looking for balance, pushed me down roughly onto the floor. I was still fully dressed, so while she tugged at my trousers I ripped at the buttons of my shirt.

Soon I was naked, and the only thing she was wearing was her poppy-red panties, which I now rolled down. Her bottom was plump and round, and, after moistening a finger in her pussy, I experimentally probed between the smooth white cheeks — but she pulled away and pushed me back down, then knelt above my midriff. Holding me upright with one hand she sought the hole, found it, and slowly, gasping, settled down on top of me. Not till I was in her up to the root did she stop moving for a moment, and then immediately began squirming, moving her bottom backwards and forwards.

This is one of my id's favourite positions, as it makes him feel like a baby again, particularly in this case as Karen was now leaning forward to thrust a long nipple into his mouth. He suckled away, while I reached my hands round her to clutch both smooth globes of her bottom.

Her movement had evolved into the conventional up and down, but, before I'd quite got used to this, she shifted position so that she was resting on her toes. She was now able to bounce up and down on me with amazing speed. Her face moved in and out, closer and farther, till it became a white blur, and each moment was accompanied by the sucking on my id as he plunged into and out of her. The world was a dizzying top, I could no longer see or hear, just feel the gyrations — until everything joined together and I was coming inside her, and the only thing that pierced the blanket of darkness enveloping me was the scream she gave as she too came.

Then she climbed straight off my id, a very sated

*turn to page 112*

*'But if you're my wife, who's this?'*

# Beauty, the Beast and Me

*continued from page 106*

and shrivelling fellow, and licked him clean.

A week later he was in the closest to love he was capable of. I, meanwhile, had finished with my old girlfriend.

Karen, clearly, was perfect for my dear old id. She was a good-time girl. She lived on the calorie-packed, vitamin-free food he begged me for daily. The three of us raided the fridge together after sex. She drank gin and pineapple juice, his favourite tipple. Our sex life went from strength to strength, and she acceded playfully to every deviation, and moulded herself into every piece of rubber-limbered sculpture, he urged on her. Her parts moved beautifully, like a pristine, well-oiled machine. She laughed at the lewd or childish jokes he loved best. She viewed her work only as a necessity for financing her real life of the night: drinking, dancing, eating and sex — and sex. And sex.

My id was staggering blissfully through a world he had previously only daydreamt. His rivals, the egos, were, in the meantime, busy trying to smuggle missives out from their cells. They wrote protests and tried to get in touch with their lawyers. But it was clear that as long as the courtesan Karen continued to hold Emperor Id in thrall, they would continue to languish under armed guard in the Tower.

The truth about these two, though they would never admit it, is that neither of them really likes making love. It is indecorous, occasionally embarrassing, and, fundamentally, a waste of time. It hurts. Afterwards, I smell; I have to bathe my body and bedsheets. Often, while it's taking place, they slope a few feet away from the bed to watch the proceedings with a lofty sneer. It gives them no pleasure, and their only real concern is that the other participant has a good time, and be impressed by my energy, skill and ingenuity.

And, if she doesn't enjoy it, then it's essential that she swear on her grandmother's grave not to *tell* anyone. In fact, their role is useful, for they hold the reins in on the id, who, of course, couldn't care less what the girl may be thinking or feeling as he pummels away blindly, chasing immediate gratification.

INTERVIEWS
Paulus
B.V.

*'The job's yours, whoever you are!'*

They may not like doing it, but they adore *having done* it, provided that the girl was good-looking. Given the choice between good sex with a plain girl and mediocre sex with a beautiful one, they'd go for the mediocrity every time. They are into superficiality in a big way. Because, after all, where is the prestige in persuading an ugly girl to go to bed with you? In this, as in everything, they differ from my id, who, after a certain point, couldn't give a damn what a girl looks like, provided she'll do everything he tells her to, and more . . . Just like — ah! — his dearest Karen.

'So how old were you when you lost your virginity?' I asked her one night in bed. She was lying naked on top of me, smoking, the ashtray beside my head.

This is a question I always seem to ask, although the truth about myself is a closely-guarded secret. The egos love hearing very late ages, as it means that the girls have had less chance to chalk up lovers who might compare favourably with me.

'Thirteen,' said Karen matter-of-factly.

'*What*?' I swallow with difficulty under her weight. 'But how?'

'Oh, there was this bloke I was going out with when I was at school. He used to wait for me every day outside the gates on his bike.'

'A pushbike?'

'No, a Kawasaki.'

'How old was *he* then?'

'Oh about twenty.'

'Jesus.'

At my school, when I was thirteen, all the pretty girls in my year were going out with older boys with wispy moustaches, and I remembered with a sweet, sharp pang my lonely longing. I'd imagined that as a matter of course when I was eighteen, I'd have some slender and tender young thing dying of love for me. Instead, all I can remember getting at eighteen was jaundice.

'And what was he like? He didn't find you a bit immature?'

'Oh *no*, he wanted to get engaged. Can you imagine? I mean, it wouldn't even have been legal. I had to give him the boot.' She pushed herself up to a sitting position on my chest. She was wearing a frown, but it soon gave way to a nostalgic smile, and dreamily, absent-mindedly, she began caressing her own nipples. 'Still, I'll always remember him, because he was the first.'

'And how many have you been to bed with since then?'

'Oh' — she paused in her brushing and looked off into space, concentration rewrinkling her brow in exactly the same effort of memory I myself feign when asked the same question, while of course knowing my total to the nearest decimal point. She, though, was obviously putting nothing on.

'Does it take that long to count?' I joked.

'Oh, no, it's just . . . I'd say — about forty.'

Christ on crutches!

What could I do but immerse myself? What could I do with my egos but leave them to rot together in the Tower? What more could I ask of a woman than a past like that and a present like this and a future she never considered, apart from mentioning that she'd like children 'one day'. There was something savage and exhilirating in the way we mauled each other, recklessly, losing inhibition and control and sometimes even awareness, but never rhythm. She could cover up each night's damage with layers of make-up, but I had to endure endless bachelor jokes at the office about the rows of little toothmarks on my neck, hands and forearms.

And yet . . .

'Strange, isn't it?' she said one night, running a sharp fingernail, possibly the very one she'd been filing the first time I'd seen her, down my spine. 'I mean, you went to university and all that, and all the girls there couldn't teach you half the things that I know.'

'Ironic,' I grunted into the pillow.

'What?'

Thinking she hadn't heard me, I repeated: 'It's ironic.'

'What's that?'

I looked up, forgetting to breathe.

'What's ''ironic''?' My voice was like a choirboy's. 'It means, well — it means —' I was still trying to grasp the enormity of it. 'Ironic is — well —' I dropped my face back into the pillow '— I don't suppose it really matters . . .'

And yet it did. It was a key left in a lock at an unguarded moment, and the prisoners, the ego and superego, needed no second opportunity to effect their escape.

They were back; but they were cunning, and did not overrate their power. The counsel they offered was not to dump this girl but to educate her, to lead her out of her darkness and into the golden fields of knowledge.

I mentioned politics; she couldn't have been less interested; had never voted, and never intended to. I told her that she should, and explained why. Even if she disagreed with my suggestion of party, the principle was unchanged: she would choose whomever she preferred, and back the fact up with the deed.

But what difference did it make to *her* who was in government? she wondered.

This too I explained — schools, taxes, weapons, health.

But what difference could *her* one vote make?

That was not the point, I explained. One had to stand up for one's principles, stand up and be counted.

But, she protested finally, she didn't *care*.

My id respected this: he is an a-political beast. He hates paying his taxes, and couldn't give a damn for anyone apart from himself, so in his heart he is obviously a Tory. But he makes no complaints at all on election day, and stays happily in bed while the egos troop proudly through the rain to vote Labour.

A couple of days after our little political discussion, Karen came round to my flat after work. There was an old French film I loved on at the cinema that night, and as Karen stood in front of my dresser mirror, putting make-up on for the second time that day, I lay on the bed watching her, and asked if she wanted to go.

'Did you say French,' she queried. Her mouth was hanging open with concentration, as, inclining one side of her head, she applied mascara.

'Yes.'

I held my breath, realising that her coming response had assumed ridiculous importance. I wanted to *force* her to go, to read the subtitles with moving lips, to let me explain it all afterwards; and, what's more, to enjoy it.

'Well, no then.' She flicked a stray eyelash away, and started brushing the other side in a blur of delicate strokes. 'I don't like foreign films.'

Tensely prepared as I'd been, the huge sweep of her answer still took me aback.

'Don't —' I pouted.

'No. I don't understand them.'

'There's nothing *to* understand. It's a film, just like an American one, only better.'

She had finished the second set of lashes, and now, looking at herself intently, nictated a couple of times. She thrust the brush back into its tube.

'No,' she said. 'I can't be bothered.'

'But you can give it a try, at least. You never know, you *might* enjoy it.'

'But —'

'And if you don't, what have you lost? An hour and a half of your life.'

'Look, why can't you listen?' She turned to look at me for the first time, petulance on her face. 'I *don't want to*.'

It was the end. I made her buy the *Daily Mirror* one day instead of the *Sun*, but she said it wasn't as interesting. I considered taking her to see *Waiting For Godot*, telling her beforehand that it was the latest Andrew Lloyd-Webber, but wasn't sure that she'd have heard even of him.

My id wouldn't let me give her up, but my egos wouldn't let me accept her. There was a clear choice facing me which I couldn't take. My indecision somehow reminded me of a problem I'd faced every morning for seven years when I was a boy. There were two buses that went to my school from a roundabout near where I lived. They took about the same time. But their stops were on different roads, and if I was waiting for one, I could see, but didn't have time to run and catch, the other. They ran to no recognised timetable, and I had no way of knowing at which stop to wait. My inability to decide at times seemed about to reduce me to despair; and it would be with tremedous relief that, standing at one stop, I would see the other bus swinging onto the roundabout — relief because the choice had been made for me, and that, though I'd lost out, the next bus was sure to be mine.

It was with similar relief that I heard Karen's voice telling me down the phone that it was over. My id sank immediately into a lead-lined coffin of depression, into which he would admit nothing but bottles of booze. He didn't even look at another girl for a week. He was licked, and he knew it.

The egos cooed with sympathy. They understood the id's distress, the poor swine, but she really hadn't been right for us. Perhaps — just perhaps — I should see what my 'ex' was up to.

I vacillated. This too was like not knowing which bus to wait for to get me to school. Maybe someone else could make *this* decision for me. A month later, no one had. Yet I was no longer despondent. The city was very big, and very full. Somewhere out there I knew there must exist the girl who would fulfill *all* my desires, satiate and even tranquilize all the parts of me that hungered in so many directions.

'What the fuck are you on about, ''hunger'' and ''tranquilize''?' my id cuts in to enquire with contempt. 'I just like to get laid!'

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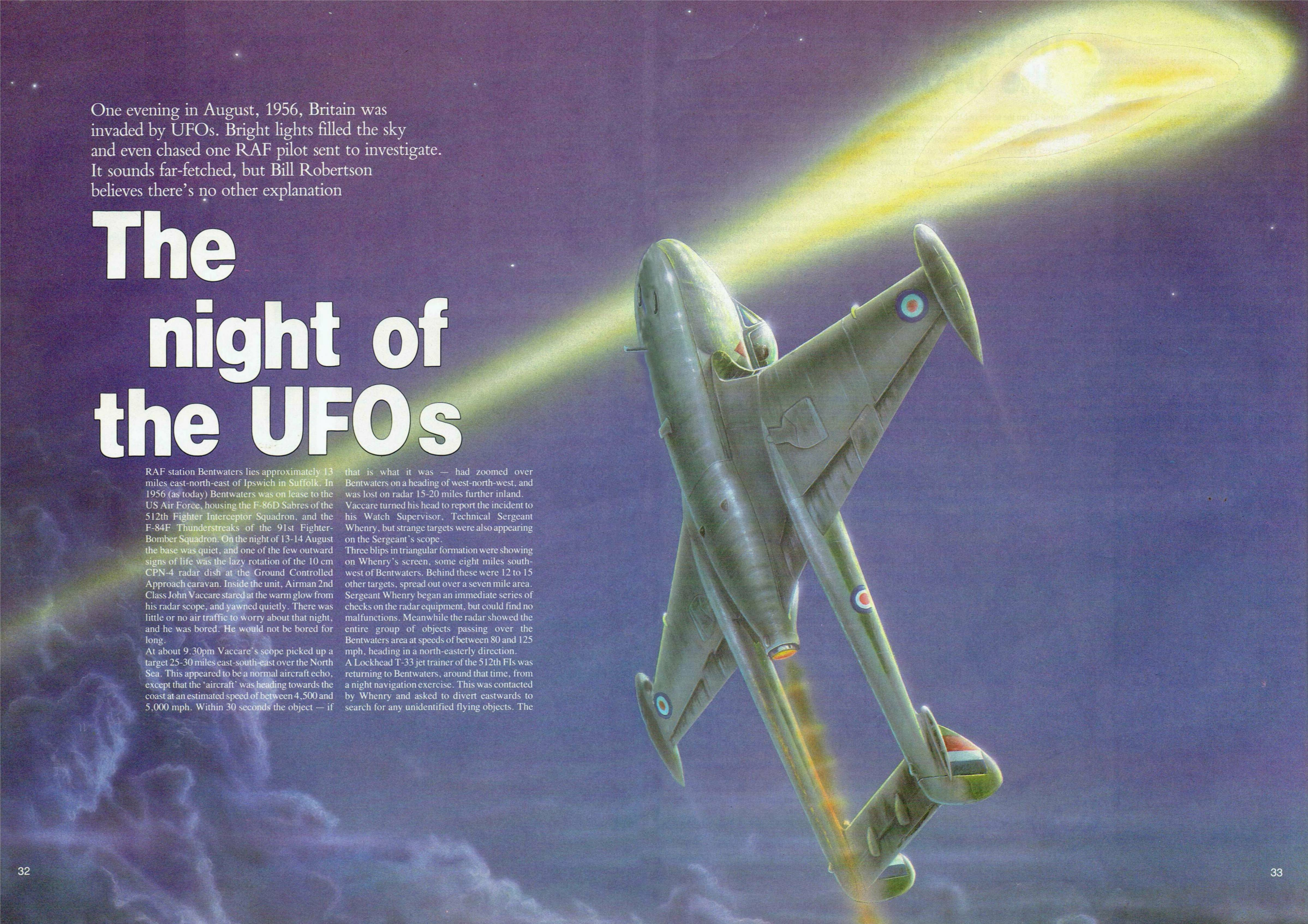
One evening in August, 1956, Britain was invaded by UFOs. Bright lights filled the sky and even chased one RAF pilot sent to investigate. It sounds far-fetched, but Bill Robertson believes there's no other explanation

# The night of the UFOs



RAF station Bentwaters lies approximately 13 miles east-north-east of Ipswich in Suffolk. In 1956 (as today) Bentwaters was on lease to the US Air Force, housing the F-86D Sabres of the 512th Fighter Interceptor Squadron, and the F-84F Thunderstreaks of the 91st Fighter-Bomber Squadron. On the night of 13-14 August the base was quiet, and one of the few outward signs of life was the lazy rotation of the 10 cm CPN-4 radar dish at the Ground Controlled Approach caravan. Inside the unit, Airman 2nd Class John Vaccare stared at the warm glow from his radar scope, and yawned quietly. There was little or no air traffic to worry about that night, and he was bored. He would not be bored for long.

At about 9.30pm Vaccare's scope picked up a target 25-30 miles east-south-east over the North Sea. This appeared to be a normal aircraft echo, except that the 'aircraft' was heading towards the coast at an estimated speed of between 4,500 and 5,000 mph. Within 30 seconds the object — if that is what it was — had zoomed over Bentwaters on a heading of west-north-west, and was lost on radar 15-20 miles further inland.

Vaccare turned his head to report the incident to his Watch Supervisor, Technical Sergeant Whenry, but strange targets were also appearing on the Sergeant's scope.

Three blips in triangular formation were showing on Whenry's screen, some eight miles south-west of Bentwaters. Behind these were 12 to 15 other targets, spread out over a seven mile area. Sergeant Whenry began an immediate series of checks on the radar equipment, but could find no malfunctions. Meanwhile the radar showed the entire group of objects passing over the Bentwaters area at speeds of between 80 and 125 mph, heading in a north-easterly direction.

A Lockhead T-33 jet trainer of the 512th FIs was returning to Bentwaters, around that time, from a night navigation exercise. This was contacted by Whenry and asked to divert eastwards to search for any unidentified flying objects. The

# The night of the UFOs

T-33 did not carry airborne radar, and the GCA radar could not provide height information on the targets, so the crew of the jet could only make general check of the sky, which found nothing. By now the blips were indicated as being 40 miles north-east of Bentwaters, at which point their echoes converged on the radar to give a single return said to be several times the size of a B-36 bomber (an aircraft with a wingspan of 230 feet and a length of 162 feet). The formation then appeared to stop in its tracks, and remained stationary for 10 to 15 minutes, before continuing north-east for five to six miles, where it hovered again for three to five minutes. It then moved northwards, out of range of the Bentwaters radar.

At 10pm, a few minutes after the large formation disappeared, a single target was picked up 30 miles due east of Bentwaters. According to Sergeant Whenry's testimony, this object headed towards the base at a speed, 'in excess of 4,000 mph', before being lost on radar some 25 miles to the west.

Nothing more was seen on the radar for nearly an hour, but at 10.55pm another high speed target, moving at between 2,000 and 4,000 mph, appeared to come in yet again from the east. This time control tower personnel at the base rushed outside in time to see the object, described as 'a bright light, passing from east to west over the field at terrific speed'. At the same moment the pilot of a C-47 Dakota aircraft, flying over Bentwaters at 4,000 feet, looked down and saw something streak by underneath him. At that point Sergeant Whenry decided to call RAF Lakenheath, some 45 miles to the north-west, to see if they, too, were seeing anything.

Lakenheath was yet another RAF station leased to the Americans (and remains so today). In 1956 it was being used by Strategic Air Command's seventh Air Division to house the nuclear armed B-47 Stratojets of the 307th Bomb Group. At around 11pm the telephone rang at Lakenheath's Air Traffic Control Centre, and was answered by the Watch Supervisor, Technical Sergeant Forrest D Perkins. The sergeant admitted later that he was sceptical of the UFO reports from Bentwaters, but, nonetheless, ordered his five controllers to keep a sharp lookout for anything unusual.

Within five minutes a stationary target appeared on radar, 20 to 25 miles south-west of the base. This in itself was remarkable for the Lakenheath controllers were using a device on their scopes known as a Moving Target Indicator. The MTI is an analogue delay circuit, which filters out radar returns from stationary targets, eliminating unwanted and confusing echoes from high ground or buildings, etc. A 'hovering' target ought not to appear on the scopes with MTI switching in; but there it was. A quick check of the radar and MTI circuitry showed nothing at fault.

Perkins called the Lakenheath GCA unit, who told him that the target was also appearing on their (entirely separate) radar. More than that; GCA had tracked the object from a point only six miles west of the base to its present position. Inexplicably, the ATC radar had failed to register this maneouvre. After a few minutes the object shot off to the north-north-west, achieving an instant speed of 600 mph, with no apparent acceleration phase, and coming to an abrupt halt 20 miles further on.

The 'sceptical' Sergeant Perkins had seen enough. At 11.10pm he initiated a standard alert procedure, which brought the B-47 crews to a heightened state of readiness, while base Security Police sealed off the airfield. A telephone conference line was opened between the personnel at Lakenheath, the Seventh Air Division Headquarters, and the Headquarters of the Third Air Force. Included on the conference line was an RAF liaison officer and, according to Perkins, 'possibly others' whose identity he was 'not aware of'. Just who these 'others' might have been is open to speculation, as this precise information has never been made public. It seems fair to suggest, however, that they might have included Major-General Roscoe C Wilson, at that time Commander of the Third Air Force, plus officials from the Central Intelligence Agency.

During the conference Sergeant Perkins maintained a running commentary on the UFO, as it appeared to dart around the area at 600 mph, starting and stopping instantly, and hovering now and then for periods of between three and six minutes. During this period (though official reports are unclear as to precise times) airmen on the ground at Lakenheath observed a series of rapidly moving objects, described as 'round, white, and luminous', cavorting in the sky near the base. One UFO, for example, was seen to approach the airfield from the south-west at between 2,000 and 2,500 feet, stop dead, then zoom off out of sight to the east. Two other objects appeared to join up with each other and fly away in formation.

A passage from the official report typifies what was seen that night; 'Lakenheath Radar Traffic Control Centre observed an object 17 miles east of the station making sharp rectangular course changes in flight. This manoeuver was not conducted by circular path but on right angles at speeds of 600-800 mph. Objects would stop and start with amazing rapidity.'

After around 45 minutes of these aerial antics, Sergeant Perkins was informed by his superiors that the decision had been made, in consultation with the RAF, to send up fighters to intercept the objects.

RAF Neatishead lies 10 miles north-east of Norwich (45 miles east-north-east from Lakenheath). In 1956 it was a major air defence radar station, responsible for Ground Controlled Interception of unidentified aircraft approaching the East Anglian coast.

There was little to see on the surface at Neatishead, apart from the various radar dishes (the GCI system comprising five different radars). Most of the activity took place underground in a series of concrete bunkers.

Inside the main room of the complex the Chief Fighter Controller overlooked a huge map of East Anglia from his position on a balcony. His desk was surrounded by radar consoles and communications equipment, while an illuminated board across the one wall displayed the current situation of the fighters at his disposal. Just off this room, to the right of the Controller's desk, were too identical 'booths' containing further radar consoles. These darkened areas were used by teams of radar trackers, four to each booth, performing the delicate skill of guiding fighter aircraft onto the tails of unidentified targets.

Shortly after 1.40am the Chief Fighter Controller, Flight Lieutenant 'Freddie' Wimbledon, answered the jangling phone on his desk. The caller informed him that something was 'buzzing' the Lakenheath base, and ordered him to attempt an intercept. The personnel at

*turn to page 44*

AIRBAG DESIGN
ENGLEMAN

*'Thanks to my design, the air-bag could replace the seat belt afterall.'*

*continued from page 34*

Neatishead had, until then, been concentrating on the radar situation over the east coast, the normal 'threat direction', but now they turned their attention inland and picked up the UFOs on their scopes. Flight Lieutenant Wimbledon flicked a switch on his communications panel, opening a direct line to RAF Waterbeach just north of Cambridge.

Eight de Havilland Venom NF2A night-fighters of 258 Squadron lay waiting in the darkness at Waterbeach. The aircraft were fully armed and fuelled-up, with their two-man crews strapped into their cockpits, ready to 'scramble' at a moment's notice. The command to do just that was about to be given.

In the first Venom a warning light flashed on a communications panel and the pilot heard the Night Duty Officer give him the 'scramble' order, and brief details of his mission. Beside him in the cockpit his radar-navigator reached out and began to warm-up the Mk 10 Air Interception radar, mounted in the aircraft's nose. Within a few minutes of the alert the Venom was roaring down the runway, pulling up into a moonlit sky and zipping over the A10 Cambridge road, before curling round in a great arc towards Lakenheath.

At 11.56pm the Venom pilot made contact with Flight Lieutenant Wimbledon and was vectored towards an unidentified target south of Lakenheath. Around midnight, the pilot made visual contact with what he described as 'a bright white light', and closed in on it. A few moments later his radar-navigator broadcast the code word 'Judy', signifying he had the target fixed on his own scope, and needed no further instructions from Neatishead.

The UFO had now come to a halt and, as the Venom closed to a range of 2,000 feet, the fighter pilot reported, 'I've got my guns on him'. The Venom was in an ideal position to open fire with its four 20mm Hispano cannons but whether that permission would ever have been given remains academic. Suddenly, within one sweep of the radar beam (as monitored at both Neatishead and Lakenheath), the UFO circled around the fighter and came up behind it; the hunter had now become the hunted!

Years later, Sergeant Perkins and Flight Lieutenant Wimbledon could recall the fearful strain in the pilot's voice that night as he radioed for assistance, first to Lakenheath with, 'Where did he go? Do you still have him?', then to Neatishead: 'Lost contact; more help'. Perkins and Wimbledon confirmed in turn that the target was now behind the Venom. The fighter pilot began to throw his aircraft round the sky in a desperate attempt to shake off his pursuer. Every trick in the book was tried, but the UFO remained right on the Venom's tail. Thankfully, the object seemed to grow tired of this cat-and-mouse game after a while, and suddenly dived out of Neatishead's radar coverage. The Venom, no doubt to the relief of its crew, was ordered back to base.

At Lakenheath, however, the UFO could still be monitored on low-level radar, and was seen to follow the Venom for another five minutes before coming to a halt 10 miles south of the base. It remained stationary for a few moments, then shot off to the north out of radar range at 600 mph.

As the first Venom returned to Waterbeach it made radio contact with another, sent out to give assistance. Sergeant Perkins recalls that the pilot of the second fighter asked the pilot of the first what he had seen and the reply came back, 'I saw *something*, but I'll be damned if I know what it was. It's the damnedest thing I've ever seen'. Then his radar-navigator added, 'Clearest target I've ever seen on radar'.

Neatishead GCI radar showed no further UFOs on their screens and no more interceptions were attempted, though Lakenheath continued to track unidentified targets periodically until 3.30am on the morning of the 14th.

A thorough investigation of the incident was carried out, headed by Captain Edward L Holt of the 81st Fighter-Bomber Wing at Bentwaters, and the whole affair placed under the strictest security. All witnesses were interviewed in depth by Intelligence officers, and were obliged to fill out a standard UFO Report Form (as per Air Force Regulation 200-2). They were also warned of the dire consequences that could befall them should they talk to anyone else about the incident. All of the radar systems involved were checked minutely for faults, but none could be found. In any case, the chances of an identical fault occurring to all the radar sets (at least nine, including the Venom's) at precisely the same time, in precisely the same way, was beyond comprehension.

The possibility that the UFOs were caused by freak atmospheric conditions was also investigated. There are several ways in which false echoes (known as 'angels') *can* appear on radar screens, but the personnel involved that night were highly experienced men, and well able to recognise these. There was no doubt amongst the radar personnel that what they had witnessed were 'normal' echoes from highly 'abnormal' solid objects. Added to this was the fact that the behaviour patterns of the unidentified targets in no way corresponded to the known patterns of false echoes.

Could the UFOs have been experimental craft of some type under test? both radar and visual observers agreed on the apparently controlled nature of the 'aerobatics', but eye witnesses could discern no recognizable shapes or markings to suggest exactly *who* might be controlling them. It seemed impossible that the objects could be 'manned', as the severe gravitational forces incurred in their right angle turns and sudden stops would be beyond human tolerance.

Yet another inexplicable aspect was that, although the objects were shown as exceeding the speed of sound, they did not create the sonic booms supersonic aircraft *ought* to create, according to the known laws of physics.

Another possibility considered was meteors. The night in question *did* coincide with the Perseid meteor shower, but witnesses were well aware of this and could easily distinguish 'meteors' from 'UFOs'. Typical of their statements were 'Unusual amounts of shooting stars (were) in the sky', and, 'Objects seen were definitely not shooting stars'. Neither speed nor behaviour of the objects fitted the 'meteor profile' either. At least some of the targets were clocked at around 4,000 mph, making them too fast for conventional aircraft, but too slow for meteors (the slowest recorded speed for a meteor being in the region of 27,000 mph). No meteor (or any other natural body yet encountered) has the ability to stop in mid air, hover for a few minutes execute a 90 degree turn, then instantly accelerate again.

The investigators considered some other possibilities, but nothing could fully account for the events of that night. Their report (running to 30 pages) was encoded in a secret teletype by Captain Holt and sent to the Air Force's 'Project Blue Book' at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio. This was the agency to which all UFO reports were despatched and which was supposed to investigate them in depth. In reality, 'Blue Book's' usual practice was to play down UFOs by explaining them all away as hallucinations, freak weather conditions, stray meteorological balloons and so on. The public were thus assured that UFOs were nothing to worry about and that the Air Force was in control of the situation. When Captain Holt's report arrived at Wright-Patterson, the sheer volume of evidence clearly precluded any of 'Blue Book's' stock explanations. The convenient fact that all the witnesses were serving military personnel enabled the case to be filed under a restricted classification and withheld from public view. For the next 12 years no one outside the military would know of the Lakenheath-Bentwaters case, and this would have remained so had not fate intervened in the shape of ex-Sergeant Forrest Perkins.

In the late 1960s the US Air Force sponsored a half million dollar independent scientific study on UFOs headed by the late Dr Edward U Condon of the University of Colorado. At the time the Air Force was under increasing public pressure to supply factual information about UFOs. Some UFO believers say they hit upon the idea of the study, expecting it to be staffed with known sceptics, and relying on a conclusion that UFOs did not exist. This would enable them to wind up 'Blue Book', and transfer responsibility of UFO investigation to the intelligence agencies such as the CIA.

In February 1968 Forrest Perkins learned of

*turn to page 86*

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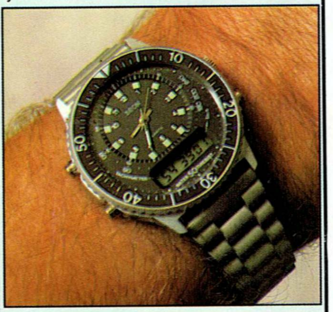

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# The night of the UFOs

*continued from page 44*

Condon's study group. Now retired from the Air Force, he decided to write to them a detailed account of the Lakenheath-Bentwaters incident, adding that he was sure that, as the Air Force was sponsoring the project, Condon would know all about the case already. In fact, Condon had never heard of it. It appeared that the most detailed cases, including Lakenheath-Bentwaters, had not been shown to the study group.

The Condon study on UFOs was published in January 1969. It was a curious document, giving its conclusion on the first pages that UFOs were unworthy of further scientific enquiry. This however, did not square up with what was said about several of the cases investigated, especially Lakenheath-Bentwaters. The report stated: 'The probability that at least one genuine UFO was involved appears to be fairly high'. Gordon Thayer, the group's radar expert, added: 'This is the most puzzling and unusual case in the radar-visual files. The apparently rational, intelligent behaviour of the UFO suggests a mechanical device of unknown origin as the most probable explanation of this sighting'.

The case was re-examined in 1970 by Dr James E McDonald, an atmospheric physicist at the University of Arizona. He, too, was impressed by the evidence, stating that, 'The Lakenheath case exemplifies a disturbingly large group of UFO reports in which the apparent degree of scientific inexplicability is so great that, instead of being ignored and laughed at, those cases should all along since 1947 have been drawing the attention of a large body of the world's best scientists'.

In 1980 Gordon Thayer published an update on the case in which he stated, 'There is simply no way that any sort of anomalous propagation effect could account for this. In fact, any explanation even remotely conceivable seems to demand the presence of some physical object in the air over Lakenheath on that August night in 1956'.

Although the Condon report brought the incident to the public eye in America, British researchers had still to contend with a solid wall of secrecy. The Ministry of Defence would say nothing on the subject, other than that the Station Record Books for RAF Waterbeach had been transferred to the Public Records Office, but would not be released for public inspection until the year 2031.

The Operational Records Book for 253 Squadron (which would give all the fine details on the intercept) is still secret and may never be released.

On January 26, 1972 a public meeting was held in the town hall at Banbury, Oxfordshire, to discuss a wave of UFO sightings in the area. During the meeting, which was televised in part for the BBC *Horizon* programme, an Ministry of Defence spokesman named Anthony Davies was asked about the Lakenheath-Bentwaters incident. Davies replied that he couldn't comment on the case as UFO files for that year had been routinely destroyed (apparently in 1961).

But then in April 1978 'Freddie' Wimbledon (now retired from the RAF as a Squadron Leader) broke his 22-year silence on the case. In a letter to *The Sunday Times* he described his role on the night in question, and how he and his staff were afterwards interrogated at length by a high ranking official from the Air Ministry. In a similar letter in *Flying Saucer Review* two months later he again emphasized the strict security which surrounded the Lakenheath/Bentwaters affair.

Another witness, who came to light in 1978 was a Mr J H Killock of Ely, Cambridgeshire (which is situated 10 miles west of Lakenheath) who claimed to have seen, along with others, what may have been the Venom being chased by the UFO.

Despite these developments the MoD remained tight-lipped. In August 1983 researcher Jenny Randles had a face-to-face meeting with Pam Titchmarsh, then of Defence Secretariat 8 (the British equivalent of 'Blue Book'), during which Titchmarsh denied all knowledge of the Lakenheath-Bentwaters incident; 'You tell *us* about such things; we don't know of them'.

Ralph Noyes was an RAF navigator during World War Two, serving with a Beaufighter squadron in the Middle East and South-East Asia. After the war he joined the MoD, retiring in 1977 with the rank of Under-Secretary of State. His published statements to Jenny Randles include the information that the Lakenheath-Bentwaters incident was *the* UFO case that made British authorities sit up and take notice, and sent a shock-wave down the corridors at Whitehall. Noyes should have known what he was talking about; between 1969 and 1972 he was the head of Defence Secretariat 8.

Researcher Timothy Good had also interviewed Ralph Noyes at length. In August 1985, on the subject of the alleged destruction of the Lakenheath-Bentwaters file (as published in Good's book *Above Top Secret*), Noyes said, 'I think it is *very* surprising if those papers were destroyed. There is every indication that at the time of the incident the Air Ministry, as it then was, was exceedingly interested, if not positively uneasy. If the papers have been destroyed then this does look like a thoroughly improper step to have taken. There is no doubt that something important took place at Bentwaters-Lakenheath and that should surely have remained on record.'

A major revelation by Noyes was that gun camera film of the UFO was taken that night by the Venom pilot as he closed in on the object. Furthermore, Noyes claims to have seen this film, together with other clips taken by RAF aircrew, at a briefing in Whitehall, attended by the Director of Air Defence, and the personnel from the Air Staff. According to Noyes, the briefing was arranged by a department known as S(4)Air, which, he claims, is one of the British intelligence agencies engaged in clandestine research into UFOs.

This is all that we know so far of the Lakenheath-Bentwaters incident.

Whatever the truth about UFOs — whether they are the results of mass hallucination, some rare form of natural phenomenon, or actual physical objects — it seems beyond question that the events of that August night caused serious alarm to authorities of the day, and, by all accounts, continue to cause official concern. The year 2031 may reveal further pieces of the puzzle. For the moment the six hour 'mini-invasion' of the skies over Lakenheath-Bentwaters remains perhaps the best-attested, and one of the most inexplicable of UFO 'close encounters' ever reported in Britain. ●

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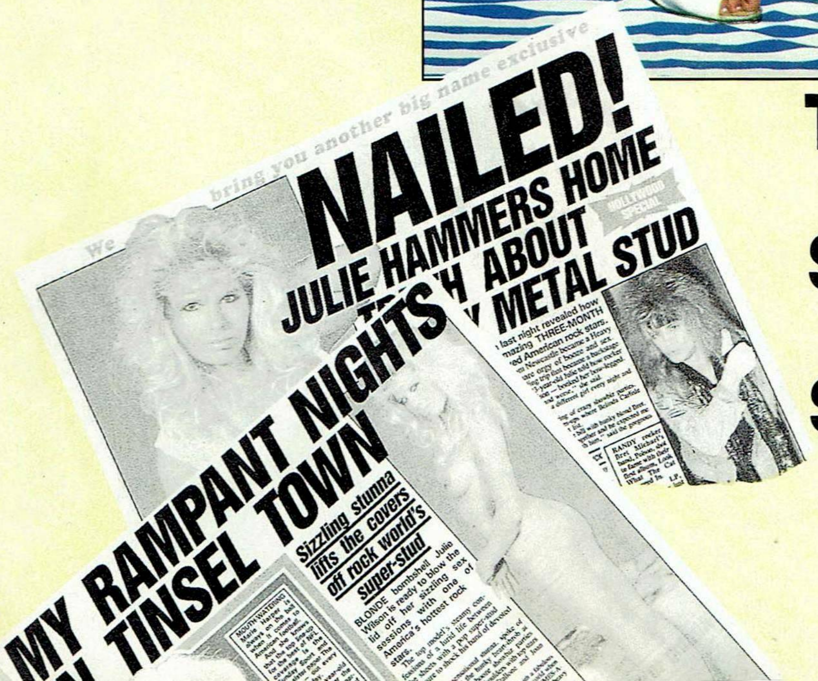
# JULIE WILSON



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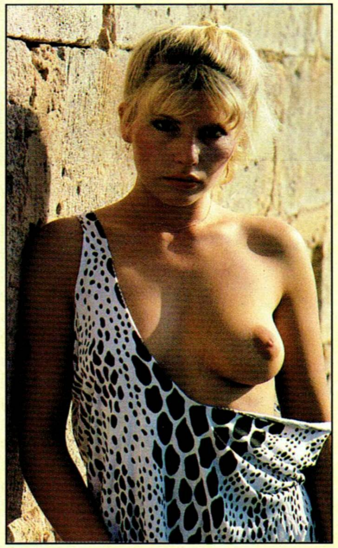
BLONDE bombshell Julie Wilson is ready to blow the lid off her sizzling sex sessions with one of America's hottest rock stars.

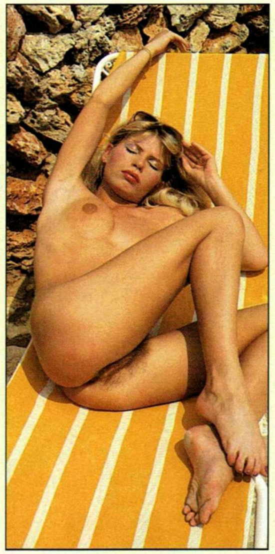
## THE GIRL WHO TOLD THE SECRETS OF THE ROCK STARS' SEX ROMP

You can always rely on geordies to be blunt, and to the point and 23-year-old Julie Wilson from Washington, Tyne and Wear is no exception. The 36-22-33 blonde loves Heavy Metal music, and judging by her revelations in *Sunday Sport*, she's equally enamoured with the men who make that kind of rock music.

According to her story in *Sunday Sport*, she lost her virginity at 20 to Vince Neil of American Heavy Metal band Motley Crue, and then began an orgy of 'boozing and bonking'. 'We did it everywhere,' she told the paper, 'in the sitting room, on a rug in front of the fireplace, in the bedrooms and even in the jacuzzi. He loved touching my boobs and said they were perfect.' Then she turned her attentions to Bret Michaels of US band Poison, who introduced her to his water bed. 'It was hilarious,' she said, 'because it didn't have any water in it, so it was very hard.'



Julie also called Vince Neil a 'real wham-bam merchant' adding that they made love ten times a night. As well as her 'bonking bonanza', Julie also had a chance to join the stars of Hollywood at celebrity parties. Pop singer Belinda Carlisle was a regular as were members of the cast of the popular American TV series *St Elsewhere*. But none impressed her as much as the rock stars. However her sexy stay in America lasted just three months. Tyneside is going to seem pretty tame after that.



# Emma

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

Do you know that Booker prize-winning novelist Salman Rushdie wrote the slogan 'Naughty but nice!' for the TV ad promoting real dairy cream. Or that top female writer Fay Weldon was responsible for the suggestion that we all 'go to work on an egg'? Twenty-four-year-old, 36-24-36 Emma Daley certainly does, and as a former rising star in the PR and advertising firmament, she should know, Four years ago Hampshire-born Emma decided that once a year she would do something out of the ordinary to stop herself getting into a rut. Posing for *Mayfair* was one leap into the unknown. Next year she plans a much more arduous project: penning a romantic novel of her own.

'I plan to be more Catherine Cookson than Barbara Cartland,' she says, 'and, of course, PR and advertising will be an important part of my story. I want to show that sheer hard work and a lot of heart ache is just as much that world as all the gloss and the glamour.'

Surprisingly, perhaps, it was the glamour aspect that persuaded Emma to leave the field. 'I was doing well in a small agency, but I only seemed to get the glossy, feminine-type accounts. I felt it was my looks that were selling the client as much as my skills. I love that in my private life — in fact, I'm putty in the hands of a genuine flatterer! But not while I'm working. Now you know what my heroine is going to be like!'

# GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME . . .

## A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

An ancient mariner ashore for the night came alongside a Portsmouth whore.
'How much to weigh anchor at your place, me darlin'?'
'£20, Captain,' she replied with a smile.
'Shiver me timbers, I'll have some of that,' he cried, and a little while later with a cry of 'Prepare to accept boarders,' the old sailor clambered on top of the pro.
After a few minutes of clumsy intercourse during which he insisted on singing 'Hooray and up she rises,' he asked her how she thought he was doing.
'Three knots, Cap'n' she replied.
Taking this as meaning a comfortable cruising speed, he put more effort into it for a couple of minutes then asked again. 'Maintaining three knots, Cap'n,' she said, so the old man increased his pace a bit more. After a further three minutes he enquired for a third time.
'Still three knots, Cap'n,'
'But that's ridiculous,' panted the old man, 'I'm going much faster than before. How can you call it three knots?'
'Easy,' replied the pro. 'You're not hard. You're not in. And you're not getting your money back!'

**'Do your duties as best you're able,'**
**The butler told the new French maid, Mabel.**
**'Oh I have, sir,' she said.**
**'I've been made on the bed,**
**Now I'm off to be laid on the table.'**

'Tell me, Mrs Gower,' said the Catholic priest meeting one of his parishioners in the street, 'how many children have you got now?'
'The last one makes ten boys, Father,' she replied.
'My, my,' joked the priest, 'one more and you'll have a football team.'
'I doubt that, Father,' said Mrs Gower, 'I've got no inside left.'

**We've just heard about a new television series that takes a humorous look at the cases of a crusty old Harley Street proctologist. It's called 'Bailey of the Rump Hole.'**

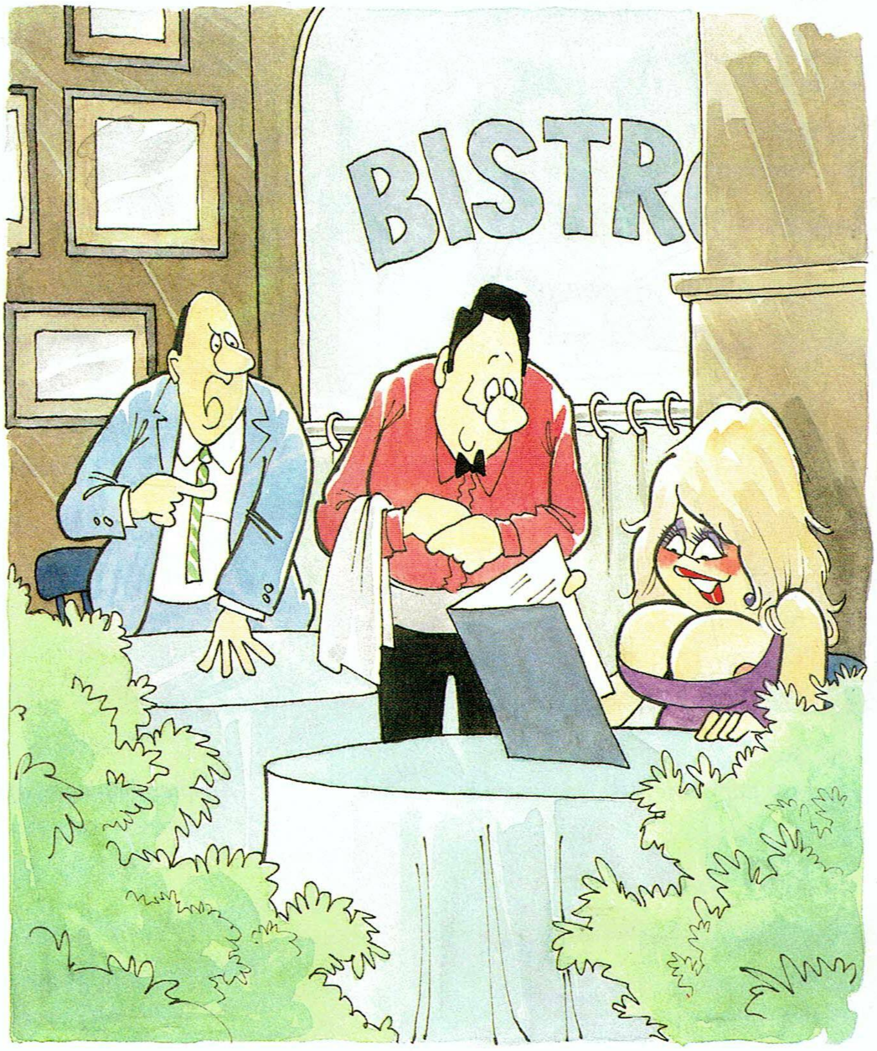
A young lad was out with his grandfather when they came across a couple of dogs mating on the pavement. The child looked at his grandad with curiosity written all over his face, so before he asked the inevitable question, his grandfather pre-empted it.
'The dog on top has hurt his paw and the one underneath is carrying him to the vet,' he explained hurriedly.
The boy pondered this for a moment.
'They're just like people, aren't they, grandad?'
'How do you mean, son?'
'Offer somebody a helping hand and they fuck you every time.'

**Another true story . . .**
**A reader from Phoenix, Arizona tells us that the American Indians are not as dumb as movies make them out to be. In an effort to make films more realistic, real Red Indians are used increasingly, talking in their native language with subtitles in English.**
**In one picture, a US Cavalry officer and his girlfriend are sent to talk peace with the Indians.**
**'Do you wish to agree terms?' he asks.**
**According to the subtitle, the Sioux chief replies, 'Yes, and let's hope we remain at peace as long as the grass grows and rivers flow.'**
**However, Indians in the audience know better. His actual reply is, 'Okay, we'll talk, as long as it's about getting a piece of that cute little blonde with you.'**

Sitting in the doctor's waiting room, a couple of women were discussing their ailments.
'It's my left breast,' moaned one. 'It's much bigger than the other.'
'Really?' said the other patient.
'Yes,' she replied checking there was no-one else about. 'Here I'll show you.'
So saying she undid her blouse to reveal a nicely shaped right boob and a left one that hung down to her waist.
'Good grief! How ever did you get them like that?'
'The doctor says it's because my husband plays with it in bed.'
'But that's ridiculous,' commented her companion. 'My husband plays with mine in bed and I don't have that trouble.'
The asymmetric patient buttoned up her blouse again.
'Possibly not,' she replied. 'But we've got bunks.'

**What do you call a policewoman who shaves her pubic hair?**
**Constable.**

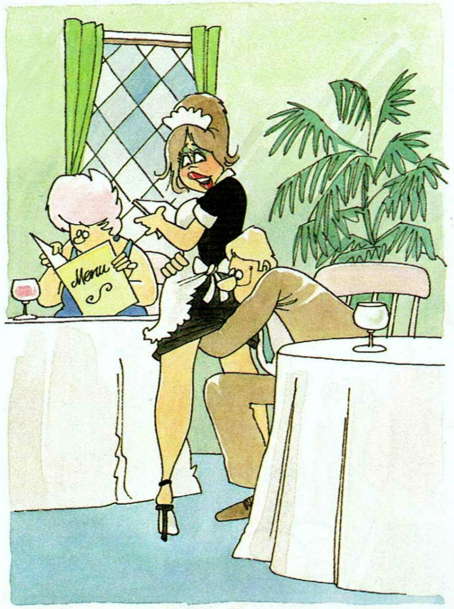
Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Invididual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.



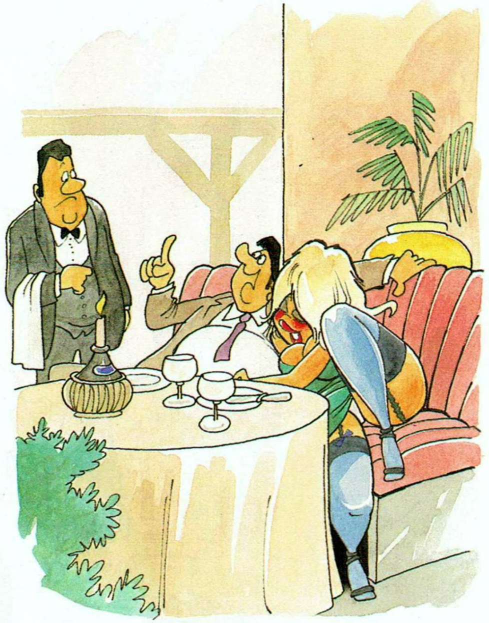
*'Excuse me, but I was here before that couple.'*

# Making a meal of it

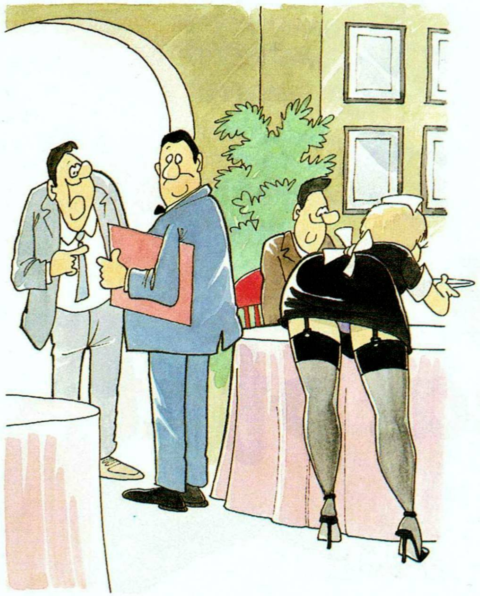
An intimate dinner out is an ideal prelude to sex. Cartoonist Anthony suggests there's no real need to leave the restaurant



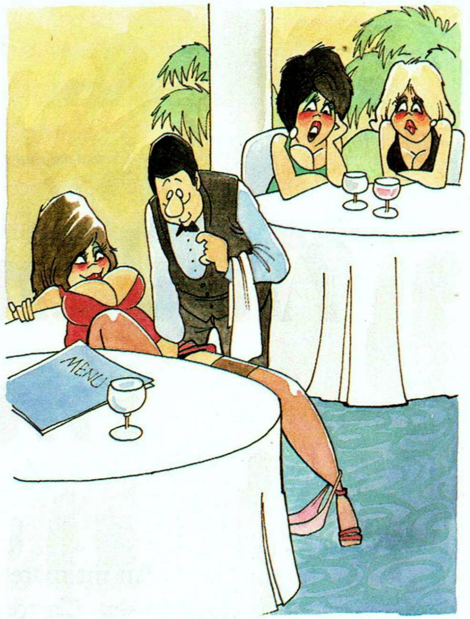
*'I'm afraid that isn't my table, sir.'*



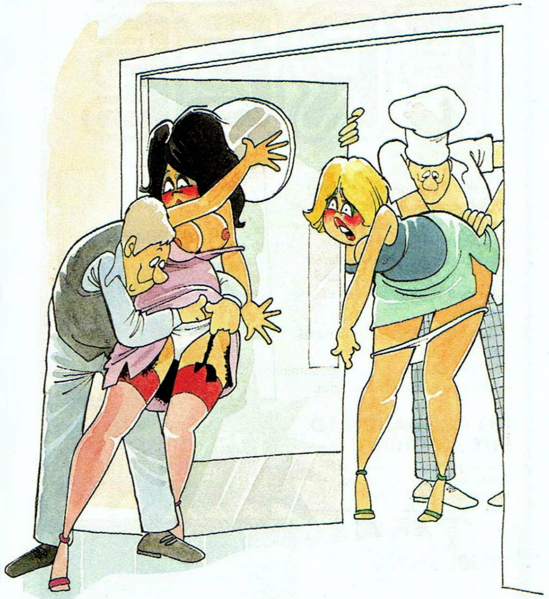
*'Another helping of oysters, please.'*



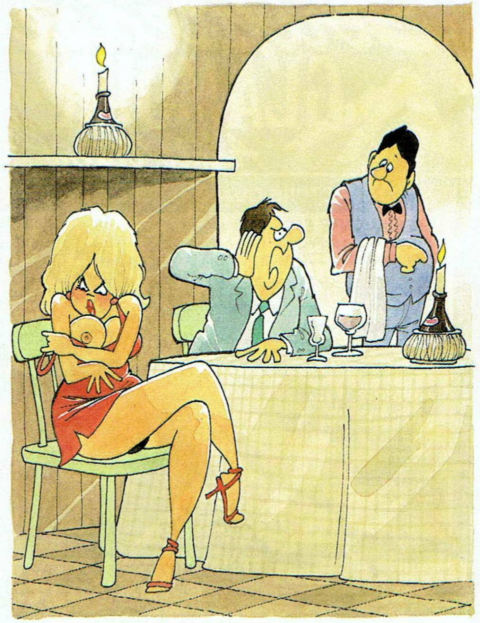
*'A table near that waitress, please.'*



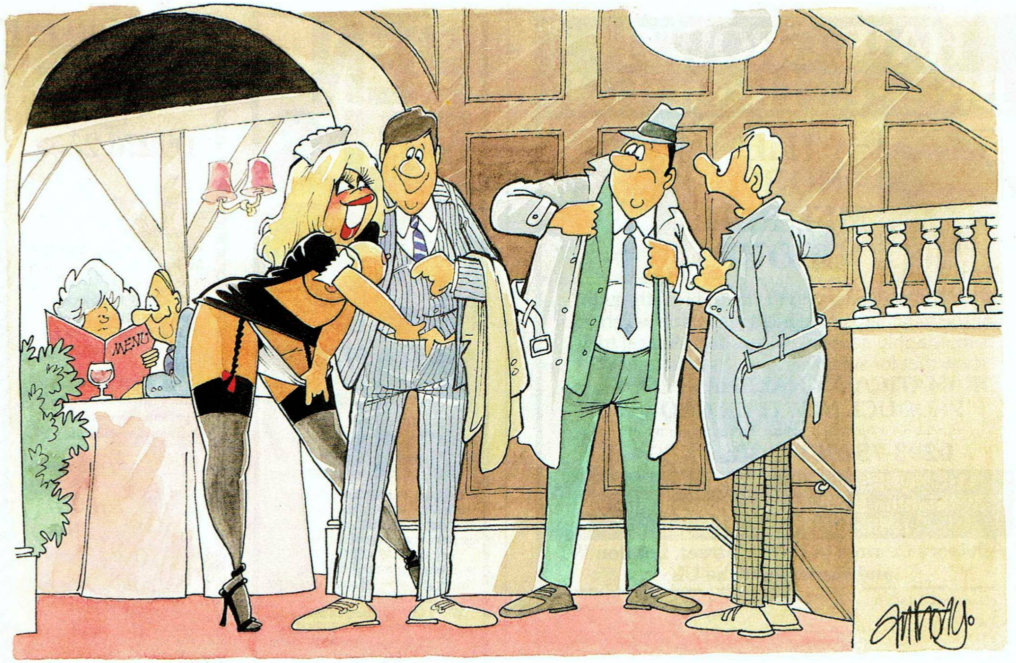
*'I'd wish I'd ordered that!'*



*'I thought it was a few hours washing-up if you couldn't pay the bill.'*



*'Separate bills, please.'*



*'Good Lord! Just how much did Gerry tip her?'*

# QUEST

## THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Anger and desire are powerful emotions which have many common roots — sometimes to the surprise of those who fall prey to them. This month, Quest interviews three people who have discovered that anger, and even hatred, led them into situations of unexpected, but powerful eroticism

**PERSONAL FILE**
**Name**. . . . Withheld
**Sex**. . . . Female
**Age**. . . . 25 years
**Town of Origin**. . . . Dorchester
**Other details**. . . . This interviewee, an attractive brunette, went to art school and now works as a commercial artist. She shares a house with her boyfriend.

*Quest:* Do you find anger sexy?

**Artist:** Yes I do. I think if a man gets really angry with a woman he's halfway to fancying her. My problem is I start rows with the wrong people.

*Quest:* Can you give an example?

**Artist:** Several! One of the worst was when I was nineteen, and at art school. I told a boyfriend I'd slept with someone else.

*Quest:* Had you?

**Artist:** No, I just wanted to get a reaction. Chris was nice enough, but he was so wimpy. Nothing seemed to ruffle him. I realised that we were spending all our time slumped in front of the TV, or listening to records. Even the sex was getting to be the same. I got this awful feeling I was being terribly passionate all on my own.

*Quest:* How do you mean?

**Artist:** I think it was actually the last time Chris and I made love. It was just before my period when I usually get very fruity. He stayed over at my flat, and, when we went to bed, I did a whole vamp number on him. I got down to my bra and jeans, then I gave him a passionate kiss, I undressed him completely, I made him lie on the bed. Then I took the rest of my clothes off in front of him. I knelt down next to him, and rubbed my boobs up and down his body, especially round his pubes. I took hold of his penis, and I very gently licked it and sucked it, and fondled his balls till he had a raging erection. Then I climbed on top of him, massaged his tip gently against my pussy, teasing him. I even put the condom on for him. Then I popped him into my pussy, and slowly sank down onto him.

*Quest:* It sounds marvellous.

**Artist:** *I* thought so! But, during all that, he just lay there like a log, with his eyes closed. He didn't kiss me, or fondle me, he didn't even *touch* me — I could have been anyone giving his prick a tickle! It really made me angry. It was so humiliating. So I decided to be selfish, and I'm normally not like that at all in bed. I just shut my eyes — imagined his *thing* was about three times the size it was! — and concentrated on bringing myself off.

*Quest:* How exactly?

**Artist:** I didn't bounce up and down a lot, because penetration for its own sake doesn't do all that much for me. I just rocked backwards and forwards, because that put more pressure on my clitoris. I stroked my clit, too.

*Quest:* What was Chris doing?

**Artist:** I got a couple of half-hearted jerks out of him. That was all. But I was worried he'd spurt, because he was usually quite quick. And, anyway, I wanted to put more pressure on my clit, so I slid off him. He was obviously surprised, so I whispered that I had a good idea. Then I leaned forward onto his chest, and rubbed myself up and down his shaft. I came quite quickly. So did he. I was still having a spasm, when he exploded. He even said, 'God, Janie (name changed), that was fantastic!' Which wasn't what I'd intended at all. And it didn't change Chris's attitude in the least.

> Putting my boyfriend's condom on for him was gorgeously erotic, like announcing I was ready for action

*Quest:* So you decided to anger him instead?

**Artist:** I made up this story about a fellow in the flat next door I knew my boyfriend loathed. Colin, my neighbour, had actually asked me out two or three times, but the most we'd done was have a drink at the pub when Chris couldn't see me. Colin was about 26, and I'd always found him very attractive. I'd had to work over one weekend to finish a project, and I'd put Chris off. So I told him I'd lied about that. What I'd really done was have dinner with Colin. And we'd had dinner twice before.

*Quest:* What was Chris's reaction?

**Artist:** Nothing at all. Absolute blank. So I got very penitent and serious, and said there was something else I wanted to tell him, but only because I thought he was mature enough to understand. He was actually twenty one, and not at all mature! I said I'd had to let Colin stay overnight with me after our dinner. I thought Chris might have asked why, but he just said very quietly, 'You mean in the same bed?' So I said, 'You don't mind, do you?' He went very quiet. It only occurred to me afterwards that he immediately assumed I'd let this other guy have sex with me, but that just showed up the whole relationship. So I put the knife in. 'It's just that Colin's good company,' I said, 'and I can't go on taking dinners off him for nothing. It's unfair. But he's only a friend. It wasn't as if it meant anything. I knew you'd understand.'

*Quest:* Did he?

**Artist:** He went beserk! I honestly thought he was going to kill me. I'd never seen him like that before. I think he actually hit me just once — that was shoving me across the room — but he was tearing the place apart, yelling at me and throwing everything about. And half the things belonged to my flatmates! I ended up cowering on the settee, absolutely terrified. Then someone started thumping on the door. I never thought Chris would answer it, but he did. It was Colin, thinking we were being ransacked. Chris took one look, swore — I thought he was going to punch Colin, and I screamed. But Chris just pushed past Colin, and swept out.

*Quest:* What did Colin do then?

**Artist:** He comforted me. I did actually have a bad attack of the shakes. I also felt incredibly guilty and stupid, though I couldn't tell Colin why. He sat next to me on the settee, put his arm round me and held me. He did it very naturally, too — I was really impressed: Chris had always been so embarrassed by female emotion. Then, when I felt a bit better, Colin asked me if I wanted to talk about what happened. I said things had been bad between Chris and I for months, and it had finally boiled over, which was true enough.

*Quest:* Presumably he still had his arm round you?

**Artist:** Oh yes, and he enjoyed it, too. My head was against his chest — I could feel his heart thumping! I was sure he wanted to kiss me.

*Quest:* Did you want him to?

**Artist:** Yes! I told him I was really sorry for disturbing his evening, and turned my head up to him. He just looked down, and then we were kissing. It was a lovely kiss, too, very gentle at first, as if he wasn't sure how I'd react, then gradually more passionate, until we were almost breathless when we finally broke off.

*Quest:* You didn't go any further?

**Artist:** I wanted to. I knew Colin did too — he'd half turned towards me as we kissed, and my hip was against the front of his trousers; he wasn't limp in there! But was obviously worried he'd taken advantage, because he apologised. I told him not to be silly; if I hadn't wanted him to kiss me I'd never have let him. By the look on his face that was obviously what he wanted to hear, so we kissed again, and this time we were passionate right from the start. The irony was that he *was* taking advantage of me. The row had really churned me up. I did need the sort of relief that sex gives you — which is really not a very romantic way of describing what happened!

*Quest:* What did happen?

**Artist:** We went on kissing and cuddling, getting more involved. Colin put his hand over my boob — I was wearing some sort of tight, ribbed, polo-necked sweater. Then he slipped his fingers underneath and tried to ease them under my bra. In the end I had to disentangle myself, and sit up and undo the catch for him — we were both laughing about it.

*Quest:* Was it a relaxed form of lovemaking.

**Artist:** We actually talked quite a bit, between bouts of petting. Then we'd go on again, getting more excited each time. I knew all my flatmates probably wouldn't be back till morning, so there was no need to rush. It was just so nice having Colin stroke my boobs, and then lift my sweater and kiss my nipples for the first time.

*Quest:* Who made the first move toward intercourse?

**Artist:** It happened naturally. We finished up lying next to each other on the settee, my sweater was up over my boobs, and Colin's knee was between my legs, pressing against my pussy. I think he'd actually stroked the front of my pants, which were in a terribly twisted state. Then he began to ease his fingers under the gusset. I wanted him to touch me there, but I just got fed up with feeling uncomfortable. So I said I needed to get myself ready, and I got up, and turned down the lights and went into the bathroom.

*Quest:* To undress?

**Artist:** Yes, but I was a bit cowardly, I put on one of my flatmate's dressing gowns, which she left there. I also picked up one of the condoms I kept for Chris. But, when I went back in, Colin had put me to shame. He was standing by the settee, and he'd taken everything off. He had a really nice body, too, but seeing his erection for the first time, just sticking out in front of him, I burst into hysterical giggles — he looked so unusual.

*Quest:* That didn't upset him?

**Artist:** It certainly didn't stop him. I apologised and kissed him. As I did, he peeled the dressing gown back off my shoulders, and when we finally touched skin to skin the last thing I wanted to do was giggle. He was stroking and fondling me everywhere — it was gorgeous. One hand was over my boob, playing with my nipple; the other was sliding between my legs, fingering my pussy, which was absolutely soaking by now. Then he began to urge me back onto the settee. But I made him stop — while I still had enough will left — knelt down in front of him and very gently slipped the condom over his erection. That actually became a special thing for us.

*Quest:* Hadn't you done that for Chris?

**Artist:** Only that one time, and I'd felt stupid doing it. I never did with Colin. With him it was a gorgeously erotic thing to do — like announcing he was free to do with me what he would. Later I'd always lubricate his erection first, run my tongue all over it, especially round the tip.

*Quest:* How did you have intercourse?

**Artist:** The settee was too short for Colin to lie full length, so I had to sit with my bottom on the edge, leaning back, with Colin leaning between my legs, holding himself against the settee back. I'm sure he wasn't very comfortable, but it was an incredible position. He went really deep.

*Quest:* Did you climax?

**Artist:** I only remember feeling more excited than I had almost ever before, especially when Colin finally let go. Every time his penis jerked it was as I was being thrust back into the seat cushion with the force of it. But the second time we did it — I finished on my hands and knees with Colin pumping between my cheeks — he definitely made me come then. Colin and I always did have a good time sexually. We actually lived together for two years. But then I left art college, and his company sent him up north. Perhaps I should get in touch again. He was the only boyfriend I never rowed with!

*Quest:* Thank you.

# QUEST

**PERSONAL FILE**
**Name**....Withheld
**Sex**.....Male
**Age**....35 years
**Town of Origin**....
Tewkesbury
**Other details**....This interviewee studied geology at university and is now a consultant to the petrochemical industry. He married at the age of 26 and was divorced two years ago.

*Quest:* Why do you think your wife's best friend seduced you?
***Geologist:*** I'd like to say it was my incredible animal magnetism, but I think it was because my wife made her so angry. She thought Marilyn was behaving very badly, which was true, up to a point. Caroline wanted to teach her a lesson. Caroline and I had always had this jokey, fancying type of relationship, though nothing had ever happened.
*Quest:* Does this sort of thing happen to you often?
***Geologist:*** No, unfortunately! I did once get lucky with a bridesmaid at a friend's wedding, when I was twenty four. That was a roughly similar situation.

> **I had her in the garden shed, her gown around her waist, and her bare bum against the plant table**

*Quest:* What happened?
***Geologist:*** She was the only decent-looking girl in the wedding party, about eighteen, slim, long dark hair — quite sexy-looking, though that might have been because she was pissed off. Apparently she hadn't wanted to be a bridesmaid because she couldn't stand the bride, but her side of the family had to be represented. I didn't know any of this until later. I didn't know, either, that a mate of mine had got to her first.
*Quest:* In what way?
***Geologist:*** He had wanted first try, but got nowhere. All she wanted to know was who I was. I'm sure that's only because I was the only guest without a morning suit — I'd cocked up the hiring details. By this time my chum had got through a tray of white wine, so — mainly out of pique, as far as I can judge — he concocted this fantastic story about me being the spurned ex-lover of the bride. According to him I'd been doggedly devoted to her for years, but she wouldn't marry me because of my humble origins. Whenever she met some well-heeled husband material she'd reject me, then take me up again as soon as the other relationship ended. Of course, this put me through agonies, but I put up with it because I was so deeply in love with her. Today I was on the edge of complete emotional collapse — but I felt I'd have let her down if I'd stayed away.
*Quest:* Did the bridesmaid believe this?
***Geologist:*** She lapped it up — mainly because it was so near the truth. Apparently the bride — who I'd only met that day — was an appalling snob, which hadn't stopped her putting it about at bit with 'rough trade' before meeting Mr Right. So the bridesmaid actually approached *me* — which was a pleasant change. After half an hour I'd worked out that the bride was supposed to have broken my heart. So I went along with it. I'd got through my own tray of booze by this stage. Then the speeches started. She said, 'Oh this is going to be awful for you.' I said I'd probably step into the garden. To my surprise, she said she'd keep me company, and we left.
*Quest:* Did you regard that as a sexual invitation?
***Geologist:*** At least a bloody good opportunity. It was an enormous garden, plenty of places to get lost in. We wandered down the end, and explored a large shed which had obviously been used as a greenhouse. I had a fair idea she'd let me kiss her, but I didn't count on any more. But, when we kissed, she was really quite passionate, letting me slip my tongue into her mouth, then pushing herself against me. Apart from anything else, she gave me the bonk, which she must have felt. So I went a bit further, cupping her boob through her long, satin dress, and running my hand over her bottom. That only made her squirm against me even more. By this time she'd backed against one of the plant tables. I decided to go for broke, and started lifting the back of her gown. Then she broke away — very flushed. I thought that was probably it. But she looked down at the front of my trousers, and gasped, 'God, you really do want to do it!' I said I couldn't help it, no one had made me feel like this since I'd last been with the bride. She didn't say a word, then suddenly kissed me, and it was all happening.
*Quest:* You had intercourse?
***Geologist:*** On the edge of the plant table. I had her gown round her waist, her knickers off — she plonked her bare bum down on the wood. I dropped my trousers and pants, she opened her legs and guided my cock to the right spot. Then I shafted her, while she clung round my neck.
*Quest:* Did she climax?
***Geologist:*** I've no idea. All she said was, right at the end, when I was going really deep and couldn't have held back if I'd tried, 'It's alright, I'm on the pill — you can do it in me.' Which was all I needed. With each burst, she pushed her pussy down on my cock and grunted. I was never such an instant hit again.
*Quest:* It took longer with Caroline?
***Geologist:*** I met Caroline the same time I met my ex-wife. We both got married about the same time. I actually expected Caroline's marriage to be the one that flopped.
*Quest:* Why?
***Geologist:*** She was very pretty, an actress, always flitting about the country. And she definitely enjoyed 'adventures.' Her husband was even worse. I think Caroline admired Marilyn for being the sort of wife she ought to be — respectable and faithful. I'm sure Caroline felt personally let down when Marilyn went off.
*Quest:* How did that happen?
***Geologist:*** Neglect, mainly mine. I let the business take over my life. Our last year I was abroad half the time. I knew Marilyn and I were moving apart. But the break-up didn't upset Caroline, only the fact that Marilyn took a lover.
*Quest:* When did you find out about this?
***Geologist:*** When I came home early one Sunday and found them both in bed. The guy worked at the estate agent's which Marilyn managed. He'd often been around when I was home. I'd assumed they were discussing business! But what really upset Caroline was Marilyn was twenty nine then, and the guy was twenty three. Not just a lover, but a toy boy! Marilyn moved in with him. A few days later Caroline rang me, and offered condolences and a supper.
*Quest:* Was that all?
***Geologist:*** I assumed her husband would be there. He turned out to be in America — he was an actor, too. Even then I never thought it was anything special. Caroline had been decorating. She was only in tee-shirt and tatty jeans — though she looked great. Over a drink she made it clear she thought Marilyn was completely in the wrong; she was so angry with her she could never regard her as a friend again. Which was nice, but didn't help that much. Then she said she'd prepared a really splendid dinner to cheer me up. If I'd like to come upstairs while she changed and showered, we could go on chatting. So I took our drinks to the bedroom.
*Quest:* No warning lights?
***Geologist:*** Inklings. But she *was* an actress. I sat on the bed. She immediately pulled her tee-shirt over her head — she was wearing a bra — then laughed when she saw my face. 'You're not going to be coy, are you?' she said. 'You're practically family.' I said, of course not. But I made sure I was glancing at a book on the bedside table as she padded through into the bathroom in knickers and bra. Five minutes later she padded back, all pink and steaming with a towel tucked into her boobs, and showing a lot of leg. Even I twigged I was on to something then.
*Quest:* Go on.
***Geologist:*** She went and pottered by the dresser — asking me if I'd ever been tempted to stray on my foreign trips. I said I only met sheep or yaks. She laughed, then said. 'Come and do my back, will you? I can never reach the middle bit.' So I went over to her, took hold of the towel, and she undid the knot over her boobs.
*Quest:* Leaving herself naked?
***Geologist:*** Oh yes. I could see her bare boobs over her shoulder — larger than I'd expected — and both her nipples were stiff. She said, 'I've always thought you were wasted on Marilyn.' I said, rubbing her shoulder blades, 'That's nice of you.' Then she started chuckling. I asked her what had touched her funny bone. 'Well, certainly not *you!*' she cried. Then she turned round, grinning at me from ear to ear. She said. 'I suppose now you'll say you won't fuck me!'
*Quest:* Presumably you didn't?
***Geologist:*** I bent down, took her in my arms and kissed her. She had the most gorgeous body, and I hadn't had sex for four months. I made up for that — though very much on Caroline's terms.
*Quest:* How do you mean?
***Geologist:*** When we stopped kissing, she told me to stop pawing her and take all my clothes off, too, by which time she was in bed. I joined her and began fondling her, kissing her breasts, when she stopped me *again*. 'Since I've done all the work so far,' she said, 'I think it's only fair we do it first the way *I* like best. I prefer to be fucked from behind. You don't mind, do you?' So that's how I did it, ramming myself between her lovely round cheeks, as she gasped and moaned with her head in the pillow. Afterwards she said, 'Now it's your turn.' So I suggested she suck my cock hard again, which she did happily, then I got her to sit on it and bounce up and down while I fondled and licked her boobs. If she hadn't come first time she certainly did then. It was, in fact, a glorious night.
*Quest:* And repeated?
***Geologist:*** For about a week. Then she went on tour, and got involved with someone else. I've no complaints. We're still friends. She got me over a very bad time, in the nicest possible way.
*Quest:* Thank you.

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# QUEST

**PERSONAL FILE**
**Name**....Withheld
**Sex**....Female
**Age**....32 years
**Town of Origin**....
Liverpool
**Other details**....This interviewee trained as a hairdresser before marrying at 22. Divorced six years later, she returned to hairdressing and now manages a salon. She lives with her boyfriend and her young son.

*Quest:* Does your sex life ever make you angry?
***Manageress:*** I've had sex *because* I was angry.
*Quest:* How did that happen?
***Manageress:*** It was with the husband of the owner in one of the first salons I worked in after my divorce. Most of the staff were young girls. Ron just wouldn't leave them alone; he was always touching them up, trying to catch the pretty ones on their own in the rest room. Some left, some just put up with it until he got bored. But every now and then one would take him at his word — he was supposed to have made one girl pregnant.
*Quest:* Didn't his wife object?
***Manageress:*** She wasn't there most of the time. Ron ran the salon. She was a very uptight, woman. I think she was just glad he wasn't bothering her. But Ron used to overstep the mark quite regularly.
*Quest:* How?
***Manageress:*** When I first started there was a lovely little girl there called Julie, a bit naive, but really sweet. She was tiny, but she had really big boobs. We were all wearing these overall things, and when it was hot, some girls would only wear a slip and underclothes underneath. Which was what Julie was doing. Ron called her into the rest room and accused her of being 'provocative' with the male customers. He said she'd deliberately worn the sort of bra that made her boobs look really big, and gave her an extra deep cleavage. It was rubbish, of course, but he put her into such a tizzy he got her to take her overall and slip off to *show* him her bra was just an ordinary one. That's what she said to the other girls. But, in the pub later, she told me he made her prove she wasn't wearing a padded bra by getting her to unclip it and let the cups down in front of him. The Monday after he came in late with bruises and a split lip. Apparently Julie's boyfriend was an amateur boxer! I reckon he got off easy, but that's the kind of sod Ron was.
*Quest:* Was he attractive?
***Manageress:*** Physically, yes. It was his personality that was so rotten — all smarmy with the customers, but treating the staff like his private harem.
*Quest:* Did that include you?
***Manageress:*** He tried it on when I started, especially when he found out I was divorced. But I was twenty eight. I knew how to look after myself. Not that he ever really gave up. The last time he touched me up my patience snapped. I'd already decided I owed him something for what he'd done to Julie.
*Quest:* Having sex with someone who angers you seems a very generous form of revenge.
***Manageress:*** I wanted to make him think he'd struck lucky, then let his wife catch him with his pants down. Even *she* couldn't let him get away with that. It wasn't especially worked out. I just saw a chance and grabbed it.
*Quest:* What chance was this?
***Manageress:*** One day his wife mentioned on the phone she was calling in to pick up something about seven that evening — just after we closed. Later on I realised Ron didn't know about this. He'd been a pig all day. He'd caught me in a narrow passageway near the loos, squeezing past me and letting his hand brush my boobs, grinning like an idiot as he apologised. But what tipped the balance was a phone call I had, offering me a job I really wanted. After that I didn't care what I did.
*Quest:* What did you do?
***Manageress:*** I volunteered to cash up that evening. So Ron and I were on our own. He made some remark about me not being able to do without his company, so, instead of shrugging it off, as usual, I told him he ought to be a bit nicer and I might make it worth his while. That was like a red rag to a bull. First it was, 'Why don't we have a glass of wine round the corner?' Then, 'Why not have a drink in the rest room — much

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# QUEST

more cosy.' It was a struggle making the cashing up last at least until five to seven, so I knew we could be disturbed literally at any moment. In the end Ron turned off the salon lights, snapped the cash book shut and pushed me through into the rest room, where he had a couple of full glasses on the table next to the couch. That couch was notorious. When I was first there I thought it was for the girls to have a lie down on. No way!

*Quest:* Go on.

***Manageress:*** We sat down on it, started our drinks — *neat* vodka, mind. Getting him to put water in mine gave me another couple of minutes. But, when he got back from the kitchen, he plonked straight down next to me, reached over to put down my glass and started kissing me.

*Quest:* Did you enjoy it?

***Manageress:*** He did it quite well, which I hadn't expected. The idea wasn't for *me* to get turned on. It was a relief when we finally came up for air. 'I always knew we'd get it together sometime,' he said. 'These young girls *look* like sex bombs, but give me a real woman any day, someone who knows what she likes, and does what a fellow likes too, without throwing a blue fit. We'll do it on the couch, alright? Why don't you get your clothes off?' I must have given him an old-fashioned look, because he said, 'The couch is OK — it's been well-tested.' Then he grinned. I really hated him, then, but, of course, I didn't say anything. I just got up and said, 'Are we going to leave the light on?' He grinned again. 'Why not? I guarantee you won't be disappointed by anything you see.' I'd never known such an arrogant sod! So he stood up and began unbuttoning his shirt, watching me as I took off my overall.

*Quest:* Did you intend to do a full strip?

***Manageress:*** I'm not ashamed of my body, but I didn't see why he should get a free gawp. So I deliberately slowed up until he was in his jockey shorts. By then I was down to my bra and knickers. I can't pretend I wasn't feeling very nervous, *praying* Ron's wife would appear. Of course, she didn't. As soon as my tights were off, Ron put his arms round me, pulling me against him. 'I don't mind taking your undies off for you,' he said. 'It adds to the thrill.' Then we kissed again, much more passionately than before, and his hands were all over me, cupping my boobs, stroking me up and down my back and over my bottom. Then he was sliding his fingers through my bra strap, under the side of the cup until his fingertip was on my nipple.

*Quest:* Did you respond to that?

***Manageress:*** I'm not made of stone. It didn't help to know he was getting turned on, too.

*Quest:* He had an erection?

***Manageress:*** A bloody big *thing* poking up through his shorts and prodding me in the tummy. It had been a while since I'd been close to a fellow in that state. That was my big mistake, of course. I thought I could pricktease the way I had before I got married. I'd forgotten I'd been having sex regularly for the past five years — but my body hadn't!

*Quest:* So you decided to have intercourse?

***Manageress:*** I wanted to — like mad! But not with Ron. But when we stopped kissing this time he still kept his finger on my nipple, stroking it, which did terrible things to me. 'I thought you'd like a man's hand in your underwear,' he said. 'I can tell you've been missing it.' I really swore at him, then. He just laughed. He was still holding me. Then he slid his other hand down my spine, into the back of my knickers. He grinned at me as I felt his finger ease down the crack of my bottom. I said, 'Don't touch me there,' which he ignored. Then his fingertip curled right under me and brushed my pussy. I gave a jump, and started shivering. 'I've never known such a juicy girl,' he said. 'Here —' He took his other hand out of my bra, took hold of my hand and pulled it down below his waist. Then he curled my fingers round the hot, thick bulge in his shorts. That was really my breaking point.

*Quest:* You gave in to your feelings?

***Manageress:*** I would have done if we hadn't heard the street door rattle. Ron swore, then peeked through into the salon. 'Shit!' he said. 'It's Sandra.' I couldn't tell if I was relieved or not. Ron darted back, snatching up his trousers. And I suddenly remembered what this had all been for. I said, 'Don't! I don't care about her!' And I grabbed him, snatching his trousers away, sank to my knees in front of him and yanked down the front of his shorts. This thick red cock sprang up. I just clutched it, pulled the tip into my mouth and began sucking like billy-o.

*Quest:* How did Ron react?

***Manageress:*** He said, 'Oh Christ, not *now!*' and went to pull away, but I started wanking his foreskin too, and he gasped and staggered against the wall. It was only then I realised I couldn't hear the lock rattling any more. Ron leaned over and peeked outside again. 'She's gone,' he said. 'Now I remember — I've got both sets of keys!' I went numb. 'Great!' he said, straightening up, pushing his crotch at my mouth. 'Go on — take it — suck that cock —'

*Quest:* Did you?

***Manageress:*** Only for a bit longer, I really didn't know how to handle the situation now. So I let him go, and sat up. Ron kicked off his shorts — obviously very worked up — got down beside me, reached round and undid my bra. He pulled the cups away, and pushed me down onto my back, squeezing and fondling my boobs as he did it. 'I knew you'd have great tits,' he whispered. 'God, they're gorgeous —' He bent down and kissed my nipples, and began pulling my knickers down.

*Quest:* You didn't object to any of this?

***Manageress:*** I didn't see how I could — short of running naked into the street. And — if I'm honest — I didn't want to. He wanted it so badly. I never turned on my ex-husband as much. Ron was whispering, 'Christ, love, I've got to get up you or I'll die —' Then he was on top of me, and his cock was pushing into me, and we were at it.

*Quest:* Enjoyably?

***Manageress:*** As sex, it was unbelievable. He felt so big I was convinced he was about to spurt, so I really concentrated on making myself come. But he didn't come, not for ages. He gave me a lovely long poke — I hadn't realised how much I'd missed that. He wouldn't let go until he'd brought me off. Even then, he stayed inside me until he started to get hard again. Then I rolled over onto my tummy, and he gave an even longer poke from behind. We didn't stop until eleven.

*Quest:* Did the relationship continue?

***Manageress:*** I never went back. I knew he'd just exploit the effect he had on me. But it was a hard decision. I still have naughty dreams about him.

*Quest:* Thank you.

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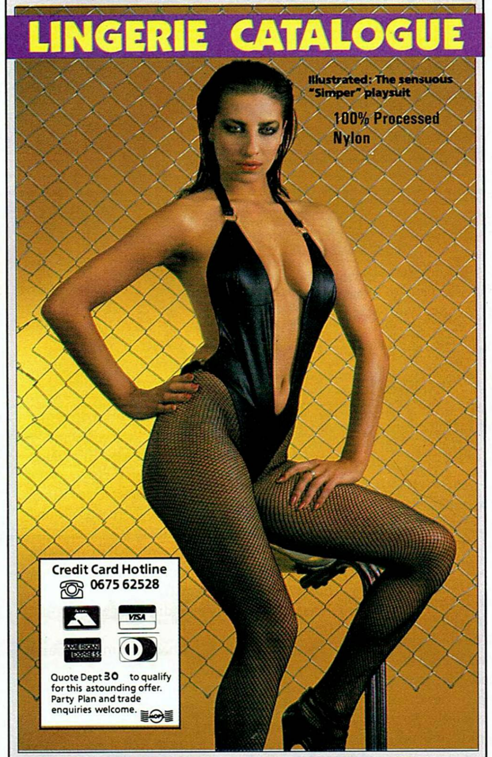
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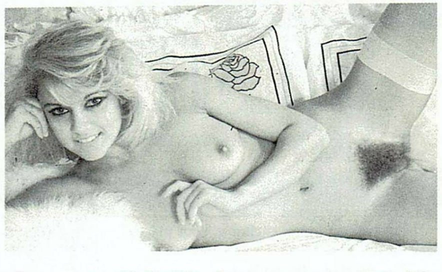

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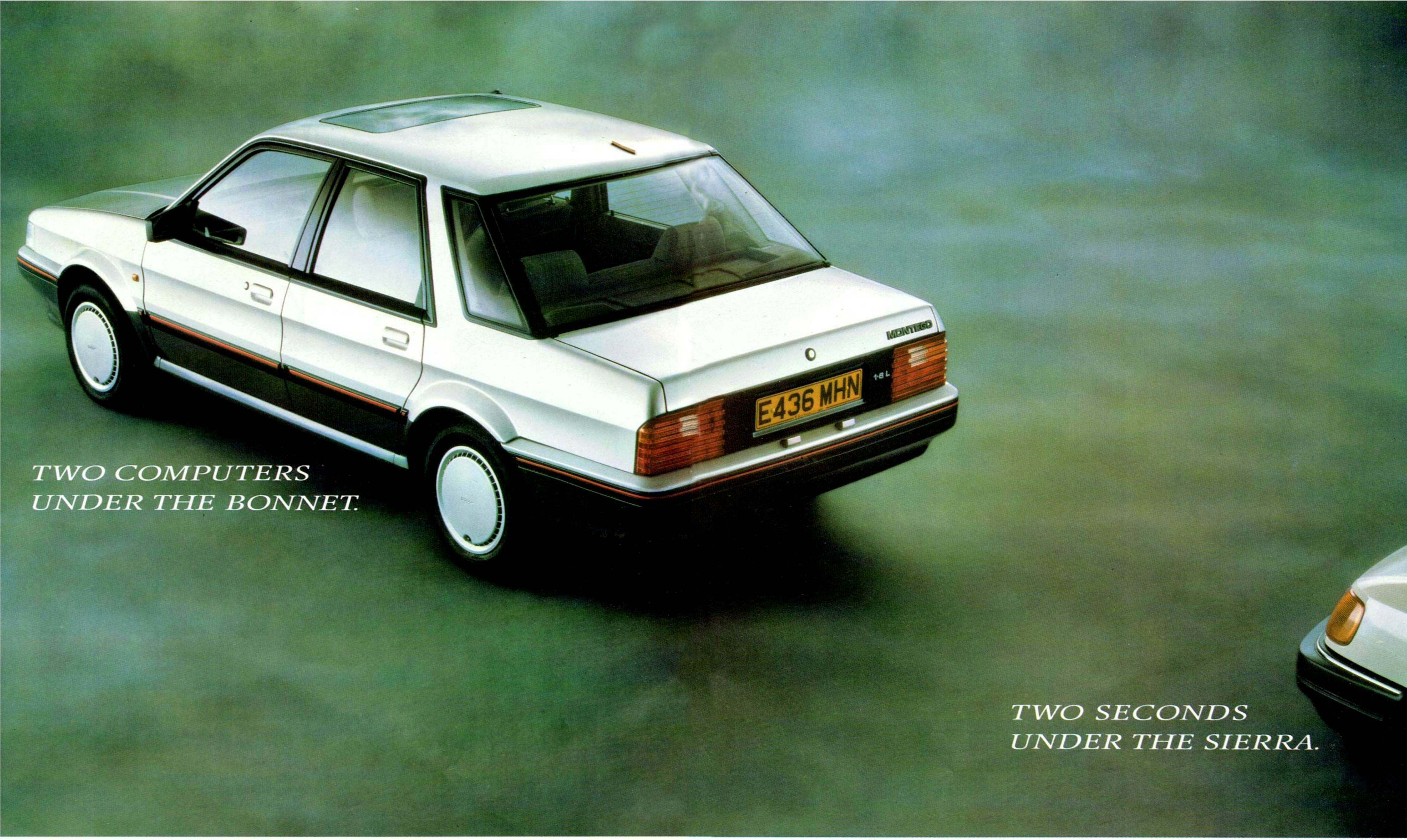

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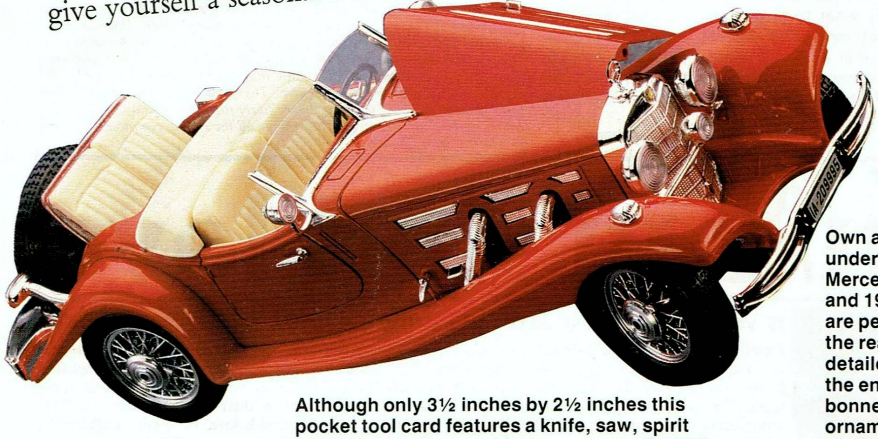

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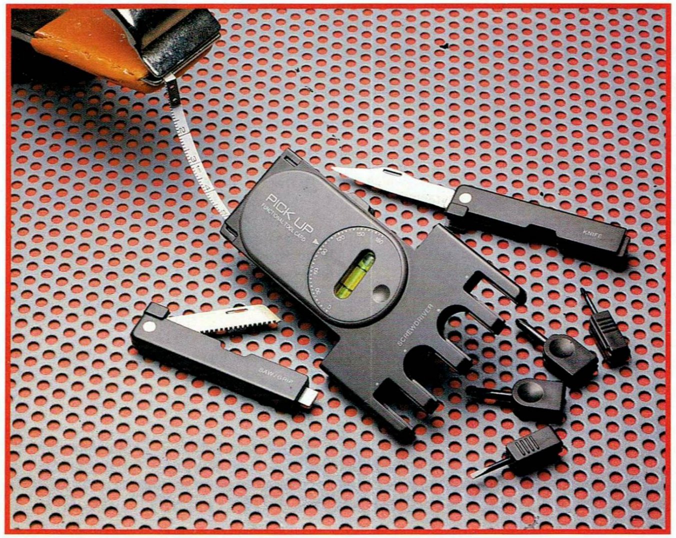

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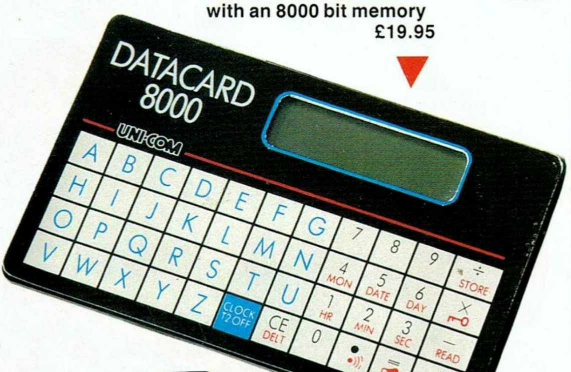

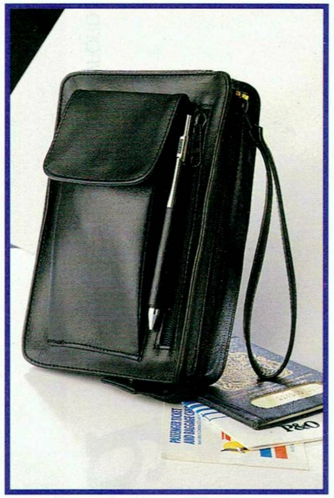

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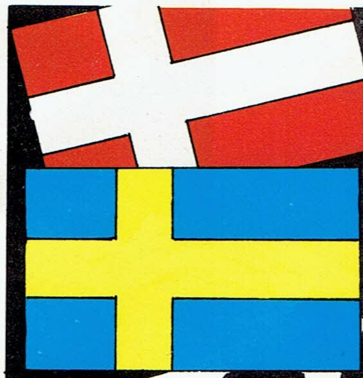

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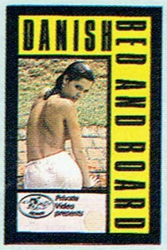

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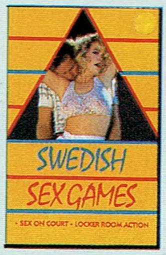

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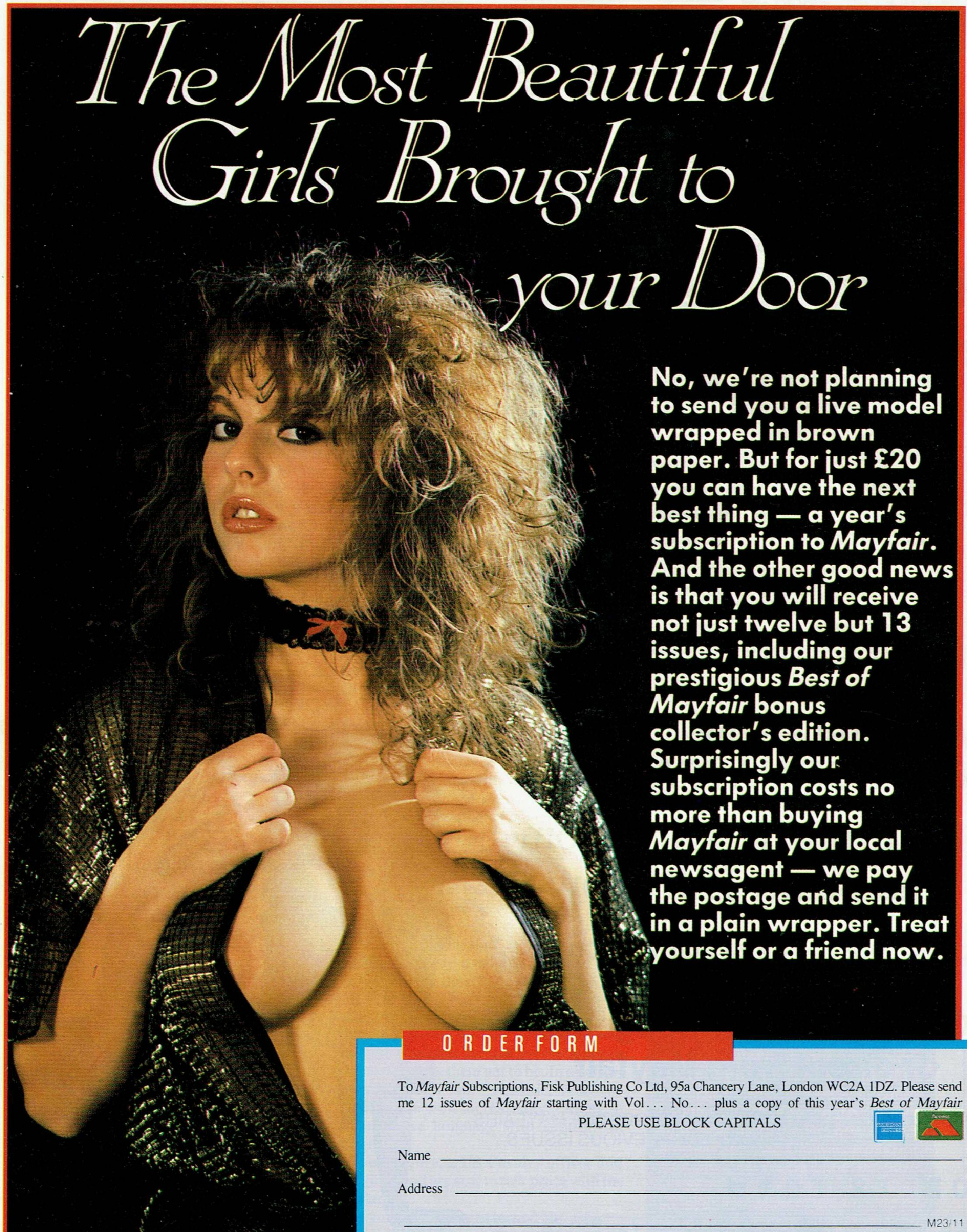

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